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# THE LIVING AGE.

SEVENTH SERIES {  
VOLUME L.

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{ FROM BEGINNING  
VOL. CCLXVIII.

## CONTENTS

I. Impressions of Congress. <i>By Sydney Brooks.</i>	FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW	259
II. The Prospects of English Music. <i>By Francis Toye</i>	ENGLISH REVIEW	265
III. The Severins. Chapters XXVIII. and XXIX. <i>By Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick (Concluded)</i>	TIMES	271
IV. A Holiday in South Africa. VIII., IX. and X. <i>By the Right Hon. Sir H. Mortimer Durand, G. C. M. G., K. C. S. I., K. C. I. E.</i>	BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE	278
V. The Vagabond.	PUNCH	288
VI. Polly Hitchin—Her Book. <i>By Marjory Hardcastle</i>	CORNHILL MAGAZINE	292
VII. Wanted: Written Law for Tourists. <i>By F. G. Aflalo</i>	CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL	296
VIII. The Horror of the Gallows.	BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE	300
IX. America in the Philippines. VI. The Problem Reviewed.	TIMES	304
X. Shakespeare and the Sea.	SPECTATOR	307
XI. "Seems So." <i>By Stephen Reynolds</i>	NATION	310
XII. The Ways of Rooks.	SPECTATOR	313
XIII. Tolstoy. <i>By Stephen Phillips</i>	WESTMINSTER GAZETTE	316
<b>A PAGE OF VERSE</b>		
XIV. Of Delight. <i>By E. N. da C. Andrade</i>	NATION	258
XV. A Tryst. <i>By Katharine Tynan Hinkson</i>		258
XVI. In the Old House. <i>By Arthur O'Shaughnessy</i>		258
BOOKS AND AUTHORS		317



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## OF DELIGHT.

"Oh, who art thou that sing'st so sweet,  
Where meadowland and woodland  
meet,

Hidden among the first few shadows  
That break upon the noonday heat?"

"I am delight, and of my birth  
There is no certain word on earth;  
Nor of my kin.

And those who find me, e'er they see  
Well what they have, lose hold on  
me;

Many begin  
With purpose set, and seek me  
where love is,  
And fall of both; and some have  
said amiss,  
Saying I live with sin."

"But I will seek thee till I hold  
Thy clear limbs in their robe of gold.  
For so men sing thee, white as sun-  
shine,  
With glittering garment, fold on fold."

"Ah, no, for you shall never find me,  
And all your thoughts of how to  
bind me

Spring in vain.  
For should you, by some chance un-  
known,

See me, and hold me for your own,  
Like a thing slain

Suddenly I should fall, droop head,  
and rise,

Silent and dull, with strange tears in  
my eyes,

And I should look like pain."

*E. N. da C. Andrade.*

The Nation.

## A TRYST.

I kept our tryst alone,  
In the sweet April weather,  
Sat by your white grave-stone  
A whole bright hour together.

The birds sang, the wind played,  
The dreaming hills were round you.  
There, in the sun and shade,  
I who had lost you, found you.

You always were so glad  
In the old days to have me:

Were only grieved and sad  
When the hour came to leave me.

And, oh, my dear, my own,  
In the sweet April weather,  
Sitting by your grave-stone,  
I felt we were together.

Oh! constant love of old,  
That never hurt or harmed me,  
There, by your grave-stone cold,  
I sat awhile and warmed me.

I felt I had stepped in  
For a long talk to cheer you,  
There by your grave so green,  
With the blue mountains near you.

There, as I sat awhile  
Where the soft south wind passes:  
I felt your well-pleased smile  
Under the springing grasses.

Ah, oh! my dear, my dear,  
In cold and rainy weather—  
My dear, be of good cheer,  
We still shall be together.

Such love as ours, dear heart,  
No seas shall quench, nor water;  
Nor time, nor space, shall part,  
My dear, you and your daughter.  
*Katharine Tynan Hinkson.*

## IN THE OLD HOUSE.

In the old house where we dwelt  
No care had come, no grief we knew,  
No memory of the Past we felt,  
No doubt assailed us when we knelt;  
It is not so in the new.

In the old house where we grew  
From childhood up, the days were  
dreams,  
The summers had unwonted gleams,  
The sun a warmer radiance threw  
Upon the stair. Alas! it seems  
All different in the new!

Our mother still could sing the strain  
In earlier days we listened to;  
The white threads in her hair were  
few,  
She seldom sighed or suffered pain.  
Oh for the old house back again!  
It is not so in the new.

*Arthur O'Shaughnessy.*

## IMPRESSIONS OF CONGRESS.

One can easily picture the scene. It was December 7th and the American Congress had reassembled for its winter session. The vast hall of the House of Representatives—so finely proportioned that its vastness goes almost unnoticed—was thronged with members and spectators. The latter, with the sexes pretty evenly divided among them, filled the galleries with a hum of gossip and laughter. The former wandered about the floor, greeting friends, exchanging reminiscences of the recent election, forming animated and loquacious groups, or sat at their desks writing letters or reading newspapers. For many of them it was the last time they would figure on any such occasion. Among the manifold checks of the American Constitutional system there is none more subtle or more curious than the delay of thirteen months that intervenes between the election of a Congress and its first meeting as a legislature. The Congress that reassembled on December 7th was not the Congress that was chosen last November. The Congress that was chosen last November will not, unless specially summoned by the President, begin its deliberations until next December, when most of the issues on which it was elected may quite conceivably be forgotten or have ceased to exist. The scene I am describing was the opening of the final session of the Congress that was elected in November, 1908. There must have been something not a little unreal in the atmosphere in which it found itself. Since its last adjournment there had been an election, a stupendous political turn-over, the rejection of scores of old members, the clearest possible proof that the Congress which met to hear Mr. Taft's Presidential message no longer represented the will of the country. But of all this

you would have seen on December 7th no sign whatever. No new faces were present on the floor of the House; the members who had failed to secure reelection only a month before were lolling at their accustomed desks; the Republicans were still in a majority, though the country had flatly pronounced against them; the Democrats were still in a minority though a few weeks earlier they had carried all before them at the polls; Mr. Cannon once more, though for the last time, was in the Speaker's chair; and the Congress lacking, as under such circumstances it could not help lacking, all real authority, proceeded to transact its normal business. That is to say, it proceeded to endure the ordeal of a Presidential message. Those who have not witnessed this ceremony would probably imagine to themselves a rapid Legislature hanging intently on the words of the Chief Magistrate of the Republic. But what actually happened was that a subordinate clerk, a good deal flustered, with a weedy voice and no idea of reading aloud, and innocent of anything in the nature of a uniform, presented himself at the House of Representatives with the announcement that he was the bearer of a Message from the President. The Speaker thumped his gavel, there was a moment of partial silence, and the youth plunged into his text. Before the first sentence was over there was a general stampede. The journalists in the gallery, who had probably been provided with advance copies of the Message at least ten days before, disappeared. The Members on the floor, with a similar foreknowledge of what was coming, either trooped off to the lobbies and smoking rooms or stayed in the House and resumed their interrupted talks and perambulations. A few, but only a

very few of them, wheeled round in their revolving arm-chairs and faced towards the youth with the weedy voice as he gabbled along without pause, or emphasis, or expression, and at a speed that made mincemeat of the President's finest periods. The spectators in the galleries, especially if they were not Americans, tried hard to think they were assisting at an occasion at once historical and impressive; but after an hour or two, even their interest began to stray. Long before half of the twenty or thirty thousand words of wisdom had been ground out the audience began to melt away; those who remained grew more restless and inattentive; the Speaker every now and then had to tap for even moderate silence; and the Message came to its dreary and all but inaudible close amid a rustle of bored relief.

But the English visitor to Washington does not walk the length of Pennsylvania Avenue and climb the steps of the Capitol with either the hope or the expectation of finding it the abode of stateliness and ceremony. He would, indeed, be disappointed if, instead of the hard austerity of its actual proceedings, he were to encounter in Congress some characterless reproduction of European pomp. The first thing one asks of a national legislature is that it should be really national. Congress is emphatically that. It is the most American thing in America, the quintessence and condensation of all that makes America so peculiarly American. And as one of the characteristics of the American people is a certain indifference to appearances and an undervaluation of the ceremonial side of life, it is eminently fitting that Congress should have left behind the ornate and dignified etiquette of our own House of Commons while transplanting many of its emblems and precedents. It has a Speaker, but he is shorn of the full wig, the flowing robe, and the knee-

breeches that grace Mr. Lowther. It has the Clerks at the Table, but so far as externals go they might just as well be clerks in a drapery shop. It has its Sergeant-at-Arms, but he is not by any means the elaborately-dressed official we know at Westminster. It has, too, its legislators, but in the accepted costume of American statesmanship—a loose frock coat, a low-cut vest, a white bow, and a soft cowboyish hat—they suggest a revivalist meeting rather than a Parliament. Indeed, the distinctive flavor of the country is blown in your face the moment you set foot within the precincts of the Capitol. The formalities that have to be observed at Westminster are refreshingly absent at Washington. The doors of the national Capitol are flung wide open, and all the corridors are yours to roam in and to smoke in at will—smoking being strictly forbidden and freely indulged in. No one is there to challenge your right of admission, to inquire your business, to demand your credentials. You just walk straight in and wander about as you please. The actual floor of the House is, indeed, a reservation to which only a Congressman or a Senator can admit you, and certain sections of the galleries are railed off for distinguished visitors, the Press, and the diplomatic corps. But otherwise whoever you are, white or black, millionaire or tramp, American or foreigner, anarchist or suffragette, you have the free run of the National Legislature. There is no balloting for seats in the great public galleries; if you wish to listen to the debates you simply take whatever seat may chance to be vacant. Unmitigated liberty can go no further; and if one's British notions are occasionally startled by the sight of some broken-down shuffle of a man, whom no second-rate hotel would allow to get past its hall-porter, lounging and smoking in the precincts of the national Parliament, it is not hard to

persuade oneself that his presence is more than compensated for by the system that makes it possible. Moreover, it helps to emphasize the effect, of which every visitor who stands underneath the rotunda of the Houses of Congress becomes quickly conscious—the effect of focussing all the great composite panorama of American life, of being stationed at the centre of the clearing-house, for the humanity of the entire Continent, where, if he only remains long enough, he will sooner or later meet every American he has ever known or heard of. The Capitol in this aspect appeals to him as a sort of Charing Cross Station converted into a legislature.

The visitor, in short, is quickly put not only at his ease but on terms positively of intimacy with his surroundings. He has hardly settled down in his seat in the galleries than it is borne in upon him that he is not expected to be overawed by the Assembly at whose deliberations he is assisting. Something in the atmosphere tells him that the proper attitude for him to take up is that of a spectator in a theatre, one of tolerant interest and curiosity, dashed with a little pleasurable anticipation. Those who are sitting in the galleries with him are for the most part like himself in being mere passing tourists "doing" one of the regular sights. They have come, quite in the spirit of a family party, not only to witness an entertainment but to take part in it; and Congress, I am bound in sheer gratitude to add, finds little difficulty in accommodating itself to their festive mood. It is above all things a companionable and domestic assembly. I remember, when I first visited Congress some twelve years ago, that only a glass door separated the floor of the House from the barber's shop, and that it was possible from where I sat, just above the Speaker's head, to catch a glimpse of honorable members under

the razor. The barber was a colored man and when business was dull he would open the door, and standing in his shirt-sleeves half in and half out of the National Legislature, would joke with Congressmen and listen to the speeches till they bored him. But what most appealed to me, as I recollect, was a phalanx of small boys, the sons of Congressmen, who sat on their fathers' knees during the debates. Some of them, tiring of the paternal lap, would climb into the nearest vacant chair and experiment with its rotary mechanism; and one urchin, I was enraptured to see, came up with his father to be sworn in, held up his little fist, and took the oath of allegiance. "Isn't that just the cunningest, cutest thing you ever saw?" said the ladies in the galleries. For my part I could safely answer that it was. But where there is so much that is cunning and cute it is almost invidious to discriminate. The smoking-room, for instance, opens from the floor of the House, and it was a moving spectacle to watch Congressmen enjoying their ease and their cigars. As they took care to leave the doors open that no word of the speeches might be lost, a most appetizing odor of tobacco was propagated throughout the House. The strain on the nerves of the Speaker, himself a veteran smoker, was, as he afterwards complained to me, "most un-Parliamentary." Then, again, among the really cute and cunning things, must be classed the pages, of whom Congress, like some of our Colonial Legislators, makes great use. When their services are not required they loiter about by the table in front of the speaker's chair and play surreptitious games beneath its shadow with a watchful eye on the Sergeant-at-Arms. They, too, like the spectators in the galleries, do not disdain to join occasionally in the applause. I once heard a newly-elected Speaker's appeal for "the

friendly support of the House" receive as hearty a round of hand-clapping from the pages as he could possibly have hoped for. But as a rule they are kept pretty busy attending to their professional duties. A member who wants a letter posted or a book fetched from the library, or a message sent up to the Press gallery, claps his hands as a signal, and two or three page-boys dart along the gangways in emulous rivalry to reach him first. But in spite of the fascination of their unbridled and ununiformed alertness, and of their cool contempt for the House they serve, I must still maintain that the palm for the sublimity of all that is cute and cunning should be awarded to a debate I was privileged to listen to on my first visit to Congress. The occasion was interesting because a Mormon with the distinction of possessing three wives had just been elected to the House of Representatives, and the feminine opinion of America was determined that he should not be allowed to take his seat. Some three thousand ladies, with aversion to polygamy written all over them, came down and took early possession of the galleries. They were in a particularly exalted and democratic mood. They buzzed with chat and comment, and whenever anything was said or done on the floor that struck their fancy they clapped their hands and waved their handkerchiefs, and joined in the laughter and applause unchecked. When the hapless Mormon rose to speak he was—there is no other word for it—fairly sniffed down. If he had had thirty wives he could not have been more satisfactorily disposed of.

The arrangement of the House of Representatives, as well as the inclinations of its members, makes for easy-goingness. The seats are arranged, not in parallel lines as with us in England, but after the Continental fashion, in curved, concentric rows, facing the

Speaker. Each member has a revolving arm-chair and a spacious desk in front of it, and on the opening day of a new Congress the desks and chairs are overloaded with bouquets of "American Beauties" and other flowers, sent by admiring constituents—the one touch of picturesqueness of which Congress can boast. These conditions have a greater effect than most Americans realize on the efficiency and deportment of the Chamber. They take away a good deal from the earnestness and reality of debate. You cannot thunder successfully at "the gentleman from Minnesota" when the gentleman from Minnesota is lolling back in his arm-chair reading a newspaper or scribbling a letter. In Congress it is amazingly the case that members only listen to the debates when they have nothing else to attend to. The distractions offered by the armchair and the desk are too strong for the legislative soul. Moreover, it is a good rule that rival debaters should face one another in as sharp a juxtaposition as possible, and that the opposing parties should glower at one another as squarely as possible. Much of the effect of a set-to is lost when the combatants have, as it were, to get at each other crabwise and obliquely; and I have heard more than one Congressman express the wish that the chairs and desks might be swept away and replaced by parallel lines of benches as in the House of Commons. It may come to that in the end, for the Chamber cannot keep pace with the population; nearly all the available space is already taken up, and unless some space-saving device is adopted the House will become as congested as a tenement.

The introduction of benches would have other effects besides putting an end to the habit of using the House as a reading- and writing-room. It would also involve the abolition of a little round receptacle that at present re-



poses on the floor by the side of each Congressman's desk. It was only after a certain amount of puzzled observation that I was enabled to identify these objects as placed there to serve the convenience of the Great American Habit. The discovery, in itself a disconcerting one, led on to others. I remember, in fact, counting at one time no fewer than fifteen Congressmen engaged in the luxury of a "dry smoke." That is to say, unlighted cigars, destined to perish by flood rather than by fire, protruded from their lips at all sorts of impossible angles and were being chewed with succulent relish. And if you chew there is only one way in which you can obtain the necessary relief. In Congress, with the assistance of a sympathetic country, that way is adopted unblushingly. Americans may retort that a British M.P. sprawling on the benches with his hat on, three-quarters asleep, is not an edifying spectacle. I agree; but neither is he absolutely revolting; and if the introduction of benches into Congress tended to restrain indulgence in the national proclivity within its precincts, and so ease by example the work of sanitary authorities elsewhere, it would be no small gain. That perhaps is a fantastic hope; but at one point the advantage to be gained from the removal of the desks and chairs would be swift and certain—the transaction of public business could then be conducted in comparative quietude. At present the fretful and unceasing clamor of the House is the first of all its characteristics that a stranger notices. What with the immensity of the Chamber, the hum of the galleries, the scurrying of the pages, the crumpling of newspapers, the banging of desk-lids, the chatter of the members who stroll about and foregather in disputatious groups as the whim takes them, and the thump, thump of the Speaker's gavel, it needs a man with a powerful voice to make

himself heard. Complete silence, as a matter of fact, is so far from being obtained, that members who particularly wish to hear what is being said leave their seats and gather round the orator, just behind the official stenographers who take down his speech standing. There is a rule that forbids members to pass between the Speaker and the man who is addressing the House, but nobody seems to pay any attention to it. I remember the last time I was in Congress watching with a fascinated interest one member in particular who with both hands in his pockets and a cigar stuck obliquely between his lips, seemed to make a point of holding séances with his friends in the open space between the table below the Speaker's chair and the rows of desks and seats. The sight more than reconciled me to the extreme punctiliousness of the House of Commons on all such points of order. It is only by ceaseless stringency in the minor details of form and bearing that the intimacies of daily strife in a contentious and excitable body can be kept on a high plane, or the effectiveness of debate be preserved. But Congress is not, and does not aspire to be, an effective debating Chamber. It exists in the main to ratify the decisions of its Committees, and as no Cabinet Ministers sit in it, and nothing it can do can remove the Executive or upset the Government, its discussions lack both the authority and the immediate importance and vitality of a House of Commons debate. It is a matter, therefore, of private and spectacular, and not of national moment, if Congressional rules are relaxed or breaches of them overlooked. The manners of the House of Commons are the resultant of its powers; and if Congress held the fate of Ministries in its hands, it would not, and could not, behave as it does.

What I have been saying applies, of course, rather to the House of Repre-

sentatives than to the Senate. Even a moderately close student of American politics feels himself in the former Chamber somewhat embarrassed by his ignorance of the very names, let alone the achievements, of the hundreds of worthy gentlemen on the floor below him. Except for the Speaker there is hardly a single national figure among them. But in the Senate it is different, and one enters its galleries with a list of at least a dozen notabilities with whose record one is tolerably familiar and whom one is anxious to have identified. There is much more of the air of a legislature about the Senate than about the House. Deliberation and public care sit upon its front more openly and obviously; the standard of dress and of decorum is higher; one receives a more definite impression of weight and responsibility; the speeches come distinctly nearer to the level of statesmanship. In both Chambers, naturally enough considering the overwhelming percentage of lawyers among their members, the tendency is for every debate to resolve itself into a forensic display, and for all questions to be considered from the legal rather than the public and popular standpoint. This tendency is emphasized by the nature of the American Constitution and by the extreme difficulty of shaping any important piece of legislation in such a form that it will escape the condemnation of the Supreme Court. The last debate that I heard in Congress, one on the Bill for regulating the railways and their rates, sounded far less like the sort of discussion one hears in the House of Commons, pertinent, practical, and illuminating, than like a series of pleadings before a judicial tribunal, admirably reasoned and expressed, but wandering over the whole field of Constitutional law and failing to envisage the subject

The Fortnightly Review.

in its relations to the public interest. Most members of Congress when they can refrain from the dithyrambic style, have the knack of speaking well. They have studied the technique of the art more closely than the ordinary English M.P., and they are more skilled in feeling the pulse of their audience. The rough impression I brought away with me was that the Congressional average of oratory was somewhat better than the Parliamentary average, and the Congressional best considerably below the Parliamentary best.

While the opening of the winter session of Congress is the signal also for the opening of the Washington "season," the ordinary legislator, whether Senator or Representative, makes little contribution to the real society of the capital. Being only a trifle more transient than the tourists themselves, it is not often that he has any home of his own in Washington. The vast majority of members of Congress live in hotels and boarding houses, and for social purposes rank about on a par with the local shopkeepers and the clerks in the Government offices. There are not perhaps more than a dozen Senators and half a dozen Representatives who have the *entrée* into that delightful, isolated, fastidious, wholly un-Republican society that graces the American capital. But the composition, character, habits; and outlook of that society make up a study in manners that deserves separate treatment. For the moment I am only concerned to point out that it is in Washington, where one might have expected to find it least operative, that the divorce between American politics and American society is most complete; and many a Western Congressman's wife has been grimly forced to realize that fact as one of the most unexpected tragedies of her life.

Sydney Brooks.

## THE PROSPECTS OF ENGLISH MUSIC.

It may seem platitudinous to observe that comparisons, if proverbially odious, are practically indispensable. But the observation is none the less true on that account. Comparisons are the milestones on the road to progress, the evidence of past success and present possibilities. Without them we should have no indication wherewith to gauge our excellence or our worthlessness. Indeed, as far as we are concerned, there could be no excellence or worthlessness, for even Macaulay's priggish schoolboy must have learnt by this time that Good is inconceivable without Bad.

Wherefore, in considering the prospects of music in England at the present time, it is expedient to consider the state of music in other countries as well. And be it noted at the outset that the "state of music" does not only mean the excellence of one or two composers. It is ridiculous, for instance, to talk about English, French, and German music, and think exclusively of the various merits of Elgar, Debussy, and Strauss. Yet consciously or subconsciously, this is what very many people do, in spite of the fact that, sociologically considered—and nowadays do we not consider everything sociologically?—the important ingredient in the musical life of a country is not so much the genius of the professional as the enthusiasm of the amateur. And even from the artistic point of view the practice and love of good music among the people is almost as valuable an asset as the originality of the composer. Very often, of course, the latter quality is merely the dramatization, so to speak, of the former; but not always, for in the domain of artistic achievement it is a man that counts and not a movement.

Let us then, remembering the dual nature of an ideal musical condition, look for a moment at other countries

than our own. At the present time, there are two countries commonly supposed to be pre-eminent in musical accomplishment—France and Germany. As a matter of fact, Germany hardly deserves the honor. Her reputation is based on the accident of her having once possessed all the greatest names in musical history. That with the possible exception of Strauss, she possesses them no longer is immaterial to the general public. The glamour of Wagner and Brahms still dazzles their eyes so that they do not heed the bankruptcy of modern German music. Germany can show one first-rate and two good second-rate composers. Otherwise she has little enough. The Opera is good of course, but the concerts are incredibly stereotyped and dull; for the German public seems to be possessed by the allied spirits of Beckmesser and Bismarck, and stubbornly refuses to appreciate anything new which is not German. Indeed, as a critic well said, German music has died of subjective incontinence, and there is no doubt that even in the present, not to speak of the future, England has nothing to fear from comparison with Germany.

France, on the other hand, can boast of the most distinguished and the most interesting school of composers in Europe. Modern French music does not, as many people seem to think, begin with Saint-Saëns and end with Debussy. We have also to reckon with Vincent d'Indy, who has done for music in France very much what Henry Irving did for the stage in England; Fauré, Ravel, Duparc, Dukas and many others. Indeed, as regards composers, France stands *facile princeps*, as far superior to England as England is to Germany. But there are not wanting signs to show that her glory is at its height.

To begin with, she is in a condition almost exactly analogous to that of Germany in the middle and to that of Russia at the end of the past century. There are two or three great composers and a number of smaller men all talented and all enthusiastic. Such a state of things marks the maturity rather than the adolescence of a school of music, more especially in the case of the modern French school, whose music is extremely "special" and, in the opinion of many musicians at least, incapable of any considerable development. It is not without significance, for instance, that the two latest compositions of Debussy and Ravel (the latter by far the most gifted of the younger men) should find their inspiration in the rhythms of Spain and not of France. Indeed, it looks as if French music would soon find itself in an *impasse* where an augmented fifth will sound like a triad and a chord of the ninth as commonplace as a dominant seventh.

But the real weakness of the modern French school is the foundation on which it rests. M. Romain Rolland has bewailed the ever-increasing tendency of French composers to drift away from the life of the people. In a democratic country such as France this is certainly most deplorable and may very likely entail the ruin of French music. For the only public to which the modern French composer appeals is comprised in a small coterie of persons, generally resident in Paris, who support him, partly from genuine admiration, mostly from a kind of musical snobbishness. Now in England, where snobbishness takes a very different form, such a phenomenon is, perhaps, not so easy to understand. But the French have not failed to notice it for themselves. The ever-trenchant M. Abel Hermant writes truly enough:

"Les bienfaits du snobisme ne sont, d'ailleurs, plus discutés. . . . Sans lui les artistes 'en avant' manqueraient

de notoriété et, par suite, de pain. En France nous sommes devenus musiciens grâce à lui."

Now Fashion may be most conveniently invoked for the benefit of the box-office, but she is a poor goddess to inspire a symphony. And one is left wondering what will be the fate of "advanced" French music when—as is bound to happen sooner or later—the inconstant Parisians begin to worship at some other and less admirable shrine.

In England, at any rate, we have nothing to fear on this score. Our musical public, such as it is, can certainly not be accused of a snobbish devotion to fashion. For our fashionable classes are frankly unmusical; they prefer early Verdi, or even Donizetti, to Wagner, and they pay heavily for the annual privilege of indulging this preference at Covent Garden. It is from the middle classes that we draw our musical audiences, and it is to them that we must look for increased support in the future. They are not very discriminating, perhaps, nor yet curious of new music, but they are unmistakably keen, and in London, at any rate, considering the number of orchestral concerts and their comparatively recent establishment, they may be said to do their duty pretty well. The general musical education of the country, too, has improved vastly in the last ten years. Whatever may be the defects of the Royal College and Academy of Music, they have undoubtedly succeeded in this their most important object—and, be it noted in passing, in the production of orchestral players who are certainly equal, and perhaps superior, to their colleagues of other countries.

Indeed, composers apart, there cannot be any reasonable doubt that the musical life of England is more healthy and more vigorous than that of France. English music is less centralized and,

far from being the amusement of a few wealthy dilettanti, appeals to a large and thoroughly representative class. A visit to the promenade concerts or the big concerts in the North of England should suffice to convince the most sceptical on this point. Unfortunately, the English public is not at all prejudiced in favor of English music. As a matter of fact, it seems to be rather prejudiced against it than otherwise. A well-known conductor once said that the announcement of a new English work on his programme entailed the loss of half his receipts.

Now, of course, the British composer asserts that this is merely prejudice on the part of the public—and to some extent he is justified in his assertion—and that British compositions are as good as any others. But the public has some excuse. To begin with, till quite recently, most English music was in fact appallingly dull. And even nowadays, when the standard has been raised considerably, too much music is produced which ought to be in the composer's drawer if not in his waste-paper basket. It is ridiculous to expect people to listen to unattractive music and enjoy it simply because the composer is an Englishman. The enthusiasm which underlies this indiscriminate production may be admirable but it is certainly mistaken. For the result is that all English music gets tarred with the same brush and the few really admirable works pass practically unnoticed.

Besides, the British composer, particularly if he happens to be under forty, is wonderfully exacting. Not so very long ago one young gentleman wrote to the papers complaining that the public preferred the compositions of Beethoven and Mozart to those of himself and his colleagues. The profession of music seems peculiarly conducive to megalomania. One does not find Sargent or Lavery bewailing the undue

popularity of Velasquez or Leonardo da Vinci.

Nevertheless, it would be very disastrous if the English public took no stock of contemporary composers. For an art which ceases to create is a dead art, and creation, to be successful, demands some encouragement. Poverty and lack of recognition are by no means the stimulus to good work that the rich and successful would have us believe.

It is on this account that the production of Elgar's symphony forms such a landmark in the history of English music. We are not concerned for the moment with the discussion of the merits of this particular work. It may be as uninspired as its detractors pretend, or it may be, as its admirers assert, the finest piece of English music ever written. The point is that it was probably worth more in hard cash to the box-office than any other symphony—with the possible exception of Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic"—yet produced in England. The artistic importance of this extremely prosaic fact cannot be overrated. It means that, somehow or other, Sir Edward Elgar appeals to the public more intimately than his contemporaries, and that a serious and high-minded British composer need not pass the whole of his life in the bankruptcy court. Yet Sir Edward's secret is a very simple one. He has written popular music for the people, so that the people will go and listen to his more ambitious experiments even though they do not quite understand them. "Pomp and Circumstance" and "Salut d'Amour" are responsible for much of the success of the Symphony in A flat. Indeed, on the occasion when that symphony was played, any student of crowds might have remarked hundreds and hundreds of faces totally unfamiliar to the *habitués* of ordinary orchestral concerts: the faces of people who had never, perhaps, entered the Queen's



Hall except to attend a popular "Wagner night" or a Ballad concert.

The very superior, of course, will quarrel violently with this diagnosis. They will point out the worthlessness of "*Salut d'Amour*," the vulgarity of "*Pomp and Circumstance*," and ask whether it is seriously proposed to rest the popularity of England's greatest composer on kickshaws such as these. To which we may reasonably reply that popularity has nothing to do with greatness, but that it is a good thing that the great should be popular, however illogically or even undeservedly their popularity may have been acquired. And as to vulgarity, is it not to be found in the works of nearly all great composers? Consider the blatancy of early Wagner, the crudity of some Beethoven, even the exuberant spirits of the composer of "*Non più andrai*." Speaking generally, vulgarity may be called the composer's measles, a disease to be got over early but without which he cannot be said to have been properly brought up. Nor should such statements seem merely paradoxical when it is considered that vulgarity often postulates strength and directness—qualities most rare and most valuable in a composer. Indeed over-refinement is perhaps the most unmistakable hall-mark of a second-rate talent.

Unfortunately, too, it is the characteristic of very many British composers. They write scholarly appendices to Wagner, Brahms, or Tchaikovsky, wonderfully clever, irreproachably well done—sometimes just a little better done than the original models—but lifeless, uninspired, tedious in the extreme. They work very hard to convince us of their refinement. They insist on showing us what a lot they know when all we ask is how much they feel.

Now Sir Edward Elgar has at least dared to be straight-forward. He is not so desperately anxious to be some-

body greater than himself that he has ceased to be anybody at all. His music may be influenced sometimes by Wagner, sometimes by Tchaikovsky, but the flavor of the whole remains thoroughly Elgarian. To the writer of this essay much of it is unsympathetic but it remains, none the less, truly important and representative of one side of the English character.

The only other serious composer who might, perhaps, rival Sir Edward's popularity is Mr. Joseph Holbrook. He possesses many qualities and a real vein of genius; but unfortunately he seems to suffer from a disease which, for want of a better name, we may call Saxophonitis. The introduction into the orchestra of the concertina or the bass-flute, to say nothing of the aggressive family of saxophones, may be a work of technical piety but is assuredly not one of musical necessity. Nor is English music going to achieve greatness thereby, charm Mr. Holbrook never so wisely.

It seems hardly necessary to treat of the other modern composers at all fully. Any judgment of their respective merits must so largely depend on personal predilection that such a task would be, perhaps, useless and certainly invidious. Without doubt, however, two or three have done extremely good work in widely different spheres—Sir Charles Stanford, Sir Hubert Parry, Dr. Walford Davies, and Mr. Delius, for instance. Mr. Granville Bantock, too, quite apart from his various essays in Orientalism—which, clever and original as they are, do not affect the future of English music one way or the other—has earned our undying gratitude by his arrangement of some of the old music for the Virginals. Indeed, the arrangement is worthy of those survivals from a period when, to quote a contemporary boast, "England was justly proud of her composers."

Of the younger men, we may mention



Arnold Bax, W. H. Bell, Dale, Frank Bridge, and Cyril Scott, all of whom show something more than promise. Bax particularly seems to improve steadily year by year, while Cyril Scott is one of those fortunate composers whom it is impossible to argue about. One either likes his music or one does not. In the opinion of many competent judges, however, Dr. Vaughan-Williams is the most gifted of our younger school. Certainly his music does seem impregnated with the gray, cold atmosphere of the eastern counties. It is really English in feeling. Nobody but an Englishman could have written "In the Fen Country" or the song-cycle "The Shropshire Lad." This characteristically English quality is obscured to many people by the fact that Dr. Vaughan-Williams has chosen to interpret it in that particular modern idiom which is associated with France. But surely the English composer has only shown the highest wisdom in learning his technique from those professors who have always excelled in technical accomplishment? More especially since the essential spirit of his music is not in the least affected by the means he employs to express it.

But if we may reasonably look to Dr. Vaughan-Williams to translate the wintry bleakness of our fogs into music, who will sing for us the summer freshness of our water-meadows, the exaltation of our down-land? There seems to be but little eagerness to indulge our fancy. Composer after composer has passed us by, pursuing German philosophy or Italian garishness. English simplicity has for many a long year been considered of no musical account. Yet it was the peculiar characteristic of the greatest English composer who ever lived. When England led the second violins in the orchestra of Europe, and had not yet been relegated to the post of sub-organist by Mynheer Handel, she excelled in two

directions—church music and dramatic music. The dignity of the one and the lyrical "out-of-door" freshness of the other were justly celebrated, and if the mantle of Orlando Gibbons may be said to have fallen on Sir Edward Elgar, the mantle of Purcell is still suspended somewhere between heaven and earth.

But perhaps it will find a resting-place sooner than many people imagine. The enthusiastic revival of folk-music and Morris dancing which has characterized the last few years is not likely to be altogether fruitless. Indeed it cannot be too strongly impressed on our composers that their attention should be turned to the songs and dances of their own country. To begin with, they are musically most valuable: few, if any, nations can surpass us in this respect. And, more important still, the study of them will bring into English music just that attractive element which it lacks at present. Not that anybody, least of all the writer of this essay, wishes to make a fetish of folk-music. It is pure artistic snobbery to pretend, as do some pedants who ought to know better, that a folk-tune is necessarily more sacred than an art-tune. Nor is music which is based on a folk-theme *ipso facto* more truly national than any other music. What is wanted is that the spirit of our folk-songs should be incorporated into our modern music—which at present it most certainly is not. True, some of the Irishmen have served their country better. But the only English composer, apart from Dr. Vaughan-Williams, who remains consistently faithful to the traditions of England is Mr. Edward German. His delightful comic operas are always redolent of Morris dances and the lighter folk-songs. And the public unconsciously, perhaps, appreciates them for that very reason.

But undoubtedly the most serious de-

fect in all British music is its lack of rhythm. Now the musical importance of rhythm can hardly be exaggerated, as Wagner pointed out long ago. It is the pulse of music, its very life-blood. It holds the attention of the listener even more surely than melody herself. We may probably trace our present lack of this most valuable quality to the long predominance of oratorio and second-rate church music. But we cannot pretend that it has at any time been the strong point of English composers. Even our traditional songs are rather deficient in rhythmical excellence compared to those of France or Russia. Yet it is curious to note that our Morris dances, more than almost any other national dances, postulate a strong rhythmical sense. Nor, apparently, are the English people wanting in rhythmical appreciation. Nearly all the popular songs of the last five or six years have been strongly and often admirably rhythmical. So that there is no cause to despair of ourselves in this respect. It merely looks as if the sense were there and had not yet been translated into music.

That there are other blots on our musical escutcheon cannot be denied. We have no national opera, though, thanks to the efforts of Mr. Beecham, we may yet manage to get one. But the whole question of English opera seems to revolve in a vicious circle. We cannot expect composers to write operas till there is a national opera-house to produce them, and there is no probability of seeing a national opera-house till there are sufficient English operas to form a repertory.

Furthermore, the taste of a large portion of our public has been vitiated by the drawing-room ballad. We have no reason to complain of our music-halls. Whatever their defects, they remain far superior to similar institutions in other countries and are perfectly harmless. But our drawing-room ballads, with their pretentious sentimentality, are probably the worst music to be found in this or any other universe. Fortunately, however, their influence seems to be on the wane.

It can hardly be urged that this consideration of our musical outlook is unduly optimistic. No attempt has been made to minimize the importance of what is bad or to exaggerate the influence of what is good in the present condition of affairs. Yet any impartial observer must surely be driven to the conclusion that the prospects of English music are, on the whole, decidedly bright. Its qualities are many and its defects remediable. In any case it is difficult to see to whom the future belongs if not to us. Only we need self-confidence. Musically speaking, we have always suffered from undue humility. A witty Japanese once remarked that perhaps the reason the Greeks excelled in sculpture was because they were not able to copy from the antique. In much the same spirit we may assert that the best thing that could happen to English musicians would be the imposition of a prohibitive tariff to prevent the further importation of all foreign masterpieces. For no music can hope to attain to cosmopolitan importance unless it be thoroughly national both in inception and in execution. English music has at last the chance to develop that quality.

*Francis Toye.*

## THE SEVERINS.

BY MRS. ALFRED SIDGWICK.

*Author of "The Kinsman," etc., etc.*

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

As it happened, Michael had to go to Liverpool the day after he had seen Clara and received his dismissal, so it was not till he came back that he learned what view his senior partner took of this family event. He saw immediately, and with profound relief, that Mr. Walsingham was not going to let it affect their ordinary relations. He received Michael in his usual friendly way, and directly they were at leisure spoke of what had happened.

"Young people must settle these things for themselves," he said. "My girl doesn't blame you, and I hope you don't blame her."

"Rather not," said Michael, from the depths of his conscience; "I blame myself. I ought to have been able to hold her. I blame myself horribly."

"Well, I wouldn't do that either," said Mr. Walsingham, looking at the younger man. "You do seem off color. I'm afraid it has gone deeper with you than Clara understands."

That placed Michael in a quandary. He did not know what to say, and looked miserably at the fire.

"It's no use my offering to make things up between you," said Mr. Walsingham, "because, to tell the truth—I don't mean that I blame Clara—but to tell the truth, her mother thinks there is some one else. That Julius Pratt-Palmer—"

Michael looked up with such evident satisfaction in his face that Mr. Walsingham saw it and felt taken back.

"You seem pleased," he said.

"I am," Michael admitted.

For some time Mr. Walsingham appeared to meditate profoundly; then he looked at Michael again.

"What's wrong with you?" he asked.

"Oh, that's another story," said the young man.

"Home worries—your sister? Clara told me; and I told her, my boy, that you did right to stand by your sister—quite right. Women like Agnes Hyde seem born to make mischief—at the same time I quite see Clara's point of view."

"I don't think Selma need have separated us," said Michael.

"You look as if you'd lost all your own money and all mine—or as if some doctor had been at you and found something deadly—the way they do——"

"I'm all right," said Michael; "and as for money, I wish other things were as easy to come by and keep."

"H—m," said Mr. Walsingham; "most people would put it the other way: money first and anything you like afterwards."

Michael made no reply just then. The two men were sitting near the fire in their private office, and sometimes a clerk came in with a message or a letter. After one of these interruptions, Mr. Walsingham said:—

"I'm going to see St. Erth this afternoon."

"I thought he refused to see any one," said Michael.

"He has done, but I had a mysterious letter from Wilmot this morning—you know Wilmot—my solicitor and St. Erth's—old friend too. He says St. Erth is in a queer state, and that I ought to see him. I wonder if his wife is back yet."

"I hope not," said Michael.

"What?" said Mr. Walsingham.

"I hope he will never see her again. He turned her out of his house one night—left her standing on the pave-

ment, with nowhere to go—no one but me near.”

Michael spoke in a low tense voice, his eyes not meeting Mr. Walsingham's, but seeming to follow some inward memory that gathered anger and tragedy in their sombre stare. Mr. Walsingham half rose from his chair, threw himself back again, hardly knew how to find words for his surprise.

“Good heavens, man!” he cried at last, “and you tell me this now! But where is Madeline?”

“I don't know,” said Michael.

“But when did this happen? She has been away for weeks—we heard she was away when we came back from Scotland.”

“It happened six weeks ago to-day,” said Michael.

“But had she money? She had none of her own. Didn't you look after her? You were with her, you say? What happened? Why didn't you send straight for me?”

“I wanted to, but Mrs. St. Erth would not have it—she said she might go back, and then no one need know. It would be better for her—and for Clara—if no one knew.”

“Clara! What has Clara to do with it? What happened? St. Erth is mad—mad with drink and temper—you were there—and he turned her out.”

“Mrs. St. Erth and I had met by accident, at Earl's Court. I saw her home because she had missed her friends in the crowd. There was a breakdown on the line that made us late. He shut the door in her face and told us to go away—together.”

“He had been jealous of you?”

“He had invited me constantly, you know; then he suddenly turned jealous.”

“With no reason whatever, I suppose? You were engaged to Clara, and Mrs. St. Erth is a married woman.”

“Mr. St. Erth had no just ground of complaint against his wife,” said Mi-

chael. “He has behaved like a black-guard.”

“Nevertheless she must go back to him,” said Mr. Walsingham. “We must find her and she must go back. Poor Madeline!”

“Her life was hell.”

“But marriage is marriage,” said Mr. Walsingham.

“Oh! I don't know,” said Michael. Then he stopped short because a clerk came in, and when the clerk went back to the outer office he went with him. He did not want to talk any more just then about these painful intimate affairs. His canons of conduct had broken down; he had himself transgressed them. He had been a double dealer, unfaithful in heart to his affianced wife, unfaithful in spirit to the sanctity of marriage. Fate had mastered his desires and his affections. Michael's thoughts were bitter and his eyes heavy with the gloom of his outlook as he brooded over these things.

“Come and have lunch, old man,” said Tom Crewe's cheerful voice behind him. Michael turned from his desk, greeted his brother-in-law, and went out with him.

“How is Clotilda?” he asked, when they were seated in their usual corner of their chosen restaurant.

“Ripping,” said Tom. “She was expecting them all to lunch to-day—all your little lot, I mean.”

“All my little lot—oh yes,” said Michael.

“Sophia—Selma—Camilla.”

“Yes,” said Michael, again mentally reviewing his little lot: Sophia, as the girls called his mother—Selma—Camilla. Any one might feel happy about Clotilda and Camilla nowadays, and Bob was doing well at school, and Sophia was Sophia—life would not bring much change to her. It was Selma—Selma and himself—they stood side by side—to-day in his own mind, to-morrow in the eyes of his world—if

Mr. St. Erth took public steps to confirm his outrageous action.

Tom Crewe did his best; talked to Michael when he would listen, stayed him with wine when he would drink, and parted from him seriously concerned. Michael, hardly awake to his brother-in-law's attentions, brooding, gloomy, and sick to death of inaction, went back to the office and attended to business with that outer self who so often has to struggle through the day's work unassisted by the inner one. Mr. Walsingham did not return till much later in the afternoon than usual, and as soon as the partners had despatched the day's mail he left his writing table, sat down by the fire again, and glanced at Michael, inviting him to come there too. So Michael finished a London letter that might go by a later post, and then crossed the room to the fireplace.

"I've seen Wilmot," the older man said with a heavy sigh.

"Yes," said Michael dully.

"Perhaps you know what St. Erth is at?"

"I know nothing, since he shut the door in his wife's face. I thought he was ill."

"He is—but he won't admit it—and he's having his last kick. My dear boy, you're bound to hear, I'm sorry to say. Wilmot says he's done all he can—argued, reasoned, prophesied failure—but the man's half mad. He means to take his wife and you into the Divorce Court."

"He hasn't a case," said Michael indignantly.

"That's what Wilmot told him—in fact they fell out about it. Wilmot won't act for him, but others will; and you know what the world is—if you throw mud some of it will stick—there's been a paragraph in some backstairs paper already—Wilmot says the butler put it in—about Mrs. St. Erth having vanished—and what a life she led—and what a charming woman she

is—and then your name—Oh, damn it all, Severin!—couldn't you have seen what the brute was and kept away—for Madeline's sake?"

"But he hasn't a case," repeated Michael.

"He told Wilmot you were down in Surrey every week—when he was tied to his chair."

"I was never there except by his invitation."

"Yes. That's his story. He invited you for business reasons, and you made love to his wife behind his back."

"It's all lies," said Michael. "I never made love to his wife until——"

Mr. Walsingham waited.

"Until her husband turned her out of doors. Then I did. She would have nothing to say to me—we parted at once—I have not seen her again—I don't know whether she is dead or alive—she may be starving, and I don't know it. Now I've told you the whole story, and I'm not proud of my part in it; but I'm glad you know, and you must tell Clara what you choose. I felt like a cur when she took all the blame on herself. I'm to blame because I loved another woman. If she didn't guess it she probably felt it unconsciously."

Mr. Walsingham looked terribly concerned and perplexed.

"I'll keep away from Wilmot," he said; "I'll keep out of the whole business if I can. It's more entangled than I thought. I never guessed there was the least ground for St. Erth's suspicions."

"There isn't," cried Michael.

Mr. Walsingham shook his head lugubriously.

"You can't say that exactly, my dear boy," he pointed out. "Now I assured Wilmot that the idea was preposterous. You were engaged to my girl, and Madeline was a married woman; such things don't happen to men like Michael Severin, I said, and he agreed

with me, in a way. But of course he's a lawyer and cautious, and his view is that anything may happen. It seems he's right. He'd like to see you, by the way—not officially."

"I'll go round there now," said Michael, and he went straight from the office to see Mr. Wilmot in Lincoln's Inn-fields.

"I'm afraid he's got hold of some Dodson and Fogg people," said the solicitor, talking of Mr. St. Erth. "I told him I would have nothing to do with it—or rather that I should act for his wife, whom I've known for years."

"Can she be harmed?" asked Michael.

"She can be annoyed and dragged into publicity. That is harm to a woman like Mrs. St. Erth; and when these gutter papers get hold of a story you never know how they'll work it up. Depends on the genius of the staff, I suppose."

Michael said very little, and Mr. Wilmot could only give him a sketchy forecast of the course of events if Mr. St. Erth and his new solicitors took certain steps that so far had not been taken. He promised to communicate with Michael directly there was anything new to say.

"If only Mrs. St. Erth could be found!" exclaimed Michael, as he got up to go.

"Mr. St. Erth knows where his wife is," said Mr. Wilmot. "He told me that she had written and that he had not answered."

"Where is she?"

"I didn't ask. It was in our first interview. I didn't know any one was anxious."

"For six weeks I have not known whether she was dead or alive."

"Mr. Walsingham has gone to see him this afternoon. He will find out something about her, I hope," said Mr. Wilmot, looking attentively at Michael. The young man's voice had betrayed more than he knew, and the man of af-

fairs began to wonder, as Mr. Walsingham had done, whether behind Mr. St. Erth's coarse charges and suspicions there was some innocent reality that would make the case a difficult one for Madeline's friends.

Michael went straight home from Lincoln's Inn-fields, and there, instead of finding rest, an unpleasant surprise awaited him. He discovered his mother and Camilla both in tears, and when he asked what ailed them, they showed him the newspaper paragraph of which Mr. Walsingham had spoken.

"Miss Hyde met Selma this morning and told her about it," Mrs. Severin moaned. "She says she still adores Selma, and that it is the Walsinghams who translated her fears into facts. She has asked Selma to go and see her. The St. Erth's old butler is their butler now, and he has told them there is going to be a divorce case; and he says you're a gentleman and Mrs. St. Erth is an angel and Mr. St. Erth is a devil."

"Is that why you are both crying?" asked Michael, who felt rather worn.

"Yes," said Mrs. Severin with a fresh gush of tears, for she was one of those women who think "law" in any shape a terror, and hardly distinguished between being wanted for a murder and being summoned to pay taxes. "It is so dreadful, isn't it, Michael? I always thought you were different somehow and would keep straight. Selma says——"

"I don't think it much matters what Selma says—or Miss Hyde either," observed Michael. He sat down in his usual chair, and looked so tired and ill that Camilla went off, still weeping, to hurry on tea. Even if Michael had done something mysteriously bad and the world was in pieces he should be served as long as Camilla had eyes in her head and strength in her body; and her vocation somehow was to supply the need of the moment, whether



it was food or peace, or only a good fire and an orderly room. She often feared that she was too much Martha and not enough Mary, but in some households any Martha who happens to be there finds her hands full. While she was downstairs, Selma went into the drawing-room, a little light of triumph in her eyes.

"My congratulations, Michael," she said. "Blood is stronger than environment, you see. After all you are one of us and not a wooden image of a man without *Gemüth*—the English have no *Gemüth*—and you are in my galley."

"Am I?" said Michael. He hardly heard what Selma was saying.

"We are kith and kin," she went on; "we have both braved the world for an idea—for an affection. I suppose this does mean ruin to you in a worldly sense?"

Michael did not answer at once because Camilla came in again, and when she heard Mrs. Severin sob loudly she began to sob too. All she understood was that somehow every one had turned against Michael, or, rather, would shortly do so—every one, that is, except Selma; and that Selma said they would henceforth be poorer than they had ever been before, and that no one Michael and Camilla liked would speak to them, and that they would probably have to go abroad. Michael certainly looked as if something dreadful had happened, and now he looked angry as well as ill and tired. He got up from his chair.

"I'm going downstairs," he said. "I want to be quiet and smoke."

"But do tell us—do tell us, Michael!" implored Mrs. Severin. "You see how upset we are. What will become of us all?"

"How can I know what will become of you all?" said Michael impatiently. "What fate and yourselves bring about, I suppose."

"But we can't go on living here."

"Why not?"

"If you are ruined—turned out of the business—Selma says——"

"Turned out of the business!"

"I said I thought it likely," explained Selma. "You must have offended both your partners."

"There is a motor-car at the door," cried Camilla, rushing to the window and hastily trying to dry her tears. "There is a gentleman getting out—Mr. Walsingham——"

"Mr. Walsingham!" cried Michael, and was in the passage before the bell rang. He opened the door himself, and the two men spoke to each other on the threshold, hurriedly and in whispers.

"I've news for you," Mr. Walsingham said, "extraordinary news."

"You know where she is?"

"I've seen her."

"Seen her? Haven't you been with St. Erth?"

"Yes. She's there."

Michael felt the numbing shock of surprise that makes all words futile and difficult to choose.

"There!" he echoed stupidly.

"He got frightened—he's worse. He wired to her last night, and she came."

"But—" said Michael. He didn't know what to say.

"It stops proceedings, of course. Wilmot will see to all that."

"He can't stop that infernal paragraph."

"He can put in another—I came straight away. I wanted to tell you myself, my dear boy. Thank God it's ended. Thank God, I say. She is well—did I tell you? Yes, she is well—but he is dying. I saw them both—I talked to her; she was right to come back——"

Mr. Walsingham drifted through broken phrases into the same silence that seemed to have struck Michael. He had just seen Madeline, and Michael

saw her too, at the bedside of the dying man. There was nothing to be said except that she was right.

"I must get home," Mr. Walsingham resumed directly. "No, I won't come in. It's a cold night, and I would rather get home."

Michael went down the steps with the older man and saw him back to his cab. When he returned to the drawing-room the three women waiting there looked at him in anxious expectation.

"We heard him call you 'my dear boy' as he went down the steps," said Mrs. Severin. "He seemed very friendly."

"So he is," said Michael.

"Then you are not turned out of the business?" said Selma.

"I am not," said Michael. "I shall still come back six days a week in a black coat and a tall hat with evening papers under my arm. I'm afraid I'm bound to disappoint you, Selma."

"Why did Mr. Walsingham come?" said Camilla, who was watching her brother's face and saw that he was deeply stirred, though she did not understand whether it was by relief or pain. He glanced at her and glanced away again to his mother and sister before answering the girl's question, to the riper experience of the older women.

"Mrs. St. Erth has gone back to her husband," he said; "he is dying."

It took them some little time to appreciate the significance of Michael's news, and then it was Selma who spoke first.

"We all seem to have opinions, but no courage," she said sadly.

"I wish I knew what you were talking about," said Camilla, but no one enlightened her. Selma turned to Michael again.

"Agnes Hyde has asked me to tea," she said. "For your sake I have consented to go."

"For my sake!" exclaimed Michael. "I can't think how you can speak to the woman or touch her hand."

"She says that I behaved most nobly, and that she meant to tell Clara so."

"Then how has Miss Hyde behaved?"

"Oh, she blames herself bitterly," said Selma. "She says she will make amends by telling every one that she knows the truth now and approves of all I did."

"Then she is as great a fool as she was before," said Michael, and went out of the room without paying the attention he should have done to Selma's offended face.

#### CHAPTER XXIX.

It was spring in the valley. The grassy paths, overgrown here and there by furze and bramble, were drier now than they had been for months past. In the old deserted orchards the primroses were in flower, in the marshy plains the wild iris sent up its young green reeds; the banks and dilapidated hedgerows were putting forth new growth that would soon hide the winter *débris*. But the glory of the valley, as Madeline had said, was the golden flower of the gorse and the bridal white of the blackthorn. In the sun the gorse filled the air with its hot sweet scent and glowed itself like sunshine, while the delicate spray of the thorn lay everywhere—great stretches of lacey white near fragrant vivid gold.

It was as beautiful as Madeline had said it was, and Michael, forcing a way through the overgrown paths, thought she belonged here and that she ought to come through the trees at any moment to meet him. He had only come over with Bob for a day from Sarnen, where the family was spending the Easter holidays. They had come, that is, to St. Michaels by train, driven from there to Rosemorran Cove, and from the cove set out to find the way through the valley to the cottage where

Madeline had spent most of her time since her husband's death. It had been easy to get the name and whereabouts of the place from Mr. Walsingham, and it would have been easy to reach it by the high-road. But at the cove he had inquired about this unfrequented pathway, and had chosen to take it because she had often spoken of it and told him it led through the valley to her home.

The difficulty when they came to the primroses was to get Bob on; and as it was still quite early in the afternoon, Michael sat down to smoke while the boy ran here and there gathering and chattering, as happy as a bird. The primroses spread far away on all sides here, and as Bob gathered he was tempted by the bigger ones always growing just a little beyond him. Presently he wandered out of sight and hearing, and then the silence of the valley was with Michael as well as its beauty. He smoked and dreamed, lazy with air and exercise, half asleep in the heat of the sun. Perhaps he fell quite asleep for a moment, because a rustle amongst the leaves startled him. He sat up, opened his eyes, and saw Madeline coming as he had thought she must, the valley and the spring around her. She stood on the stone steps of a stile she had just got over; her face was alight with pleasure and surprise, her hands were full of primroses. As Michael sprang to meet her she came towards him.

"I knew you would remember, and that some day you would come here," she said.

"Yes," said Michael; "it had to be here—and I knew you would come."

Then they sat down together amongst the primroses and talked a little of the past, a little of the future. But they did not talk much. They were together without let or hindrance now, and that was enough.

"I waited," said Michael, thinking to

explain his silence. "I waited for some sign from you."

"I understood that," said Madeline; "but I was not ready. I wanted to think—to recover. Besides, I knew that when the blackthorn came you would come."

"Have you considered things, Madeline?"

"What things?"

"Difficulties—that Clara felt; if you marry me you will be face to face with them."

"Clara is engaged to Julius Pratt-Palmer," said Madeline. "I had a letter from her this morning."

"Did you ever hear why she broke off her engagement to me?"

"I was afraid some gossip might have reached her," said Madeline with some shadow from the past clouding her eyes for a moment. "I have not seen her since last spring, you know; she has been in Africa all the winter, and before that—"

"When she broke with me gossip had reached her, but it was about my sister Selma."

"Oh, I know that story," said Madeline. "I know Agnes Hyde. She is one of your people who see drama everywhere outside themselves and must be meddling with it. I believe she has been writing round to her friends to say that Selma is restored to her good opinion. I can't think who would value Agnes Hyde's opinion."

"Clara did when it was unfavorable. She saw Selma at my mother's house—and then the break came."

"It would not have come if she had loved you."

"Or if I had loved her," said Michael in a low voice. "I blamed myself horribly."

"Well that is over," said Madeline. "I think Clara will be happy. She will have what she prizes. Julius Pratt-Palmer is going into politics. That means a peerage for a man with

his money; he is a good-natured creature too."

"Marriage with me means a ready-made family—a difficult one at that," said Michael rather ruefully. "Selma has taken up Christian science now, and I had a regular fight the other day to get a doctor for my mother when she had pleurisy. Then there is Bob to educate and put out into the world. He is here—somewhere among the primroses."

"I see him through the trees. He will soon see us," said Madeline, and  
*The Times.*

she turned to Michael with the light of love and trust in her eyes. "It isn't like you to talk of such things in such an hour as this," she said. "Let the matter-of-course duties of life alone. As they come we will undertake them—together. Look at the blackthorn, listen to that lark, see those little ribbed clouds scudding across the sky—and I am with you at last—and I love you. Whither thou goest I will go—thy people shall be my people. Leave speaking to me, Michael, for I am steadfastly minded to go with thee."

THE END.

## A HOLIDAY IN SOUTH AFRICA.

BY THE RIGHT HON. SIR H. MORTIMER DURAND,  
G.C.M.G., K.C.S.I., K.C.I.E.

### VIII.

#### THE UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA.

It was a striking contrast to pass, as I did one evening, straight from Spionkop and the flat top of Wagon Hill, where also the fighting had once been so fierce and bloody, to the hall where the Londoners of Ladysmith were assembled for their triennial dinner, and to hear speaker after speaker hold forth upon the theme of a great United South Africa.

There had arisen during the past two years a general feeling that if the country was to prosper in the future, the four separate Colonies must sink their many differences and come together in some form of Union. The Union of South Africa was always the dream of the great South African, Cecil Rhodes. It was equally, in one form or another, the dream of the Dutch throughout the country. When the war of 1899 had brought it within the bounds of possibility, and had then proved once for all that it could only be effected under the British Crown, Rhodes's trusted lieutenant and successor, Jameson,

came forward with the definite proposal. Lord Selborne, the representative of the Crown, never interfering unnecessarily but always ready to help South Africa by every means in his power, threw his whole weight into the scale, and expressed his belief that "South Africa can only be wisely and successfully governed by a South African Government, responsible to a South African Parliament, elected by the South African people." His statesmanlike attitude produced a great effect, and eventually a Convention was assembled in Durban to work out a scheme for a National Constitution. When I visited Natal, at the invitation of its able and kindly Governor, Sir Matthew Nathan, the Convention was just breaking up after some discussion, to reassemble later in Cape Town. I had read in some English papers that there was no national spirit in South Africa, and that the delegates to the Convention would go to it with the object of doing their best for their respective Colonies. I knew also that Natal was of all the four Colonies the

most exclusively British in blood and sentiment, and generally regarded as the one least likely to fall in with any proposals which would have the effect of merging her with the larger colonies where the Dutch element prevailed. I went to Natal therefore expecting to find the Colony opposed to Union.

One of the most surprising things to me in the land of surprises, was to see the extraordinarily rapid growth of national feeling throughout South Africa in the course of the next three months, and to find that from the first the seeds of the feeling were alive even in Natal. That there was some holding back in Natal is true, and natural. Some Natal men and women were intensely averse from any merger with the Dutch; and it was evident that the immediate interests of some special communities would suffer by the loss of autonomy.

But unquestionably, as far as I could judge, even in Natal, the Afriander feeling quickly overbore the fear of change; and the idea of a great United South Africa began to appeal to the pride and the hopes of the people.

As one Natal man put it to me, "The Dutch don't love us, and we shall have some unpleasant pills to swallow; but if we keep our tempers all will come right in the end. It is better for the country." That was what men were beginning to say everywhere, "It is better for the country." Among soldiers and civilians alike, between October and January, the feeling seemed to spread like a prairie fire. The men who had come out in their thousands nine years before to fight against the Boer invaders, now caught up the cry of Africa for the Afriander; and merchant and lawyer and farmer seemed to join in with equal enthusiasm.

The Londoners of Ladysmith were beyond all question as loyal to the British Crown as the Londoners of the City; and there was not the slightest reason to suppose that they would ever

be less so. They had lived, many of them, through the long siege of 1899, and had suffered greatly from it. They knew the Dutchman and his ways. And yet the whole burden of their speeches, while breathing a passionate devotion to "the greatest city in the world," was for the union of the races in South Africa and the ending of all the old bitterness. One could not but be struck and astonished by the unanimity of the feeling; by the fact that in this most intensely British of all South African communities the desire of a great future for South Africa should override race animosities, and lead men of British birth to support a movement which seemed likely not only to place a Dutch Government in power at first, but to make all South African Governments for the future largely representative of Dutch votes.

It seemed to me to speak much for the confidence of the British population in themselves that they should take this course. Their view seemed to be, "We are for a great South African nation under the British flag; and if the Dutch like to come in with us, let them come and welcome. Under that flag there is room for all. We bear them no ill-will, and we are not in the least afraid of them. We can hold our own. All we want is a fair field and no favor."

I am bound to say that this was not the universal view in another South African centre, the great mining community of Johannesburg. In that composite community, made up of men of all nations, but very much apart in spirit from the Dutch ideal, there was intense anti-Dutch feeling among certain classes. Johannesburg still remembered very vividly all the oppressions and humiliations of the Kruger régime, and found it very hard to trust any Dutchman. The frowning ramparts of Kruger's Fort over their heads were an ever-present reminder of the

old days. It is true that there was also much talk here of the way in which the British loyalists had been "betrayed" by Great Britain; and there was much resentment, natural resentment it seems to me, against "Downing Street," which is at times too ready to sacrifice its loyalists, and its servants, on the altar of conciliation; but even that resentment was not sufficient to overcome the old distrust of the Dutch.

At the same time, even in Johannesburg, even among the men who were for years treated as an inferior caste, even among those who had been imprisoned and threatened with a shameful death, some of the most prominent had buried the hatchet, and were working side by side with the leaders of the Transvaal Dutch for a South African Union.

"The grant of responsible government," one of them said to me, "was the biggest gamble of the century; but I believe it is going to turn up trumps, and anyway it is our business as good Englishmen and good Africans to do our best to make it succeed."

The fact was that the anti-Dutch section in Johannesburg represented the extreme right wing, so to speak; the "Back Veldt Boer," who clung to the views of Kruger, representing the extreme left; the centre being neither extreme British nor extreme Dutch, but *Africander*. This centre seemed to be the strongest part of the population, and to be growing stronger. It consisted of "progressive Dutch," headed by General Botha, and of many English, among them some of Lord Milner's young men—"the Kindergarten," and some of the Colonial born. One of these, a prominent miner, surprised me by volunteering the information that he considered the existing Transvaal Government "the best possible. But then I am an *Africander*." His father had been an English immigrant,

and he had some thought of going to England "some day" to look up his people, but his home was South Africa.

The *Africander* feeling was becoming predominant even here, among the throbbing machinery and the great white heaps of wind-blown refuse which mark the gold mines of the Rand. Even among those who did not mean to make South Africa their home, many had gone over to the popular side.

Soon after the Convention broke up at Durban it reassembled at Cape Town, and we all know what followed.

Whatever may have been the case in September 1908, there was no doubt that by January 1909 a South African spirit had come into existence. By wise mutual concessions the delegates of the several Colonies arrived at an understanding. The Union was brought about, and was cordially welcomed by the British people; and another nation was added to the Empire.

The result of this great movement remains to be seen. Some, as I have said, believe that it will only be the first step towards "cutting the painter." But the general tendency among British South Africans is to scoff at such a suggestion. The two races, they say, are now nearly equal in number, and even if the Dutch wished to separate from the Empire they would not have matters all their own way.

The only doubt I heard expressed by the bulk of the British community was to the effect that the great exponent of Union on the Dutch side, General Botha, whom they regarded as thoroughly loyal, was, after all, only one man, and that though he had a following among his countrymen he might not prove strong enough to carry the rest with him, while his death would ruin all hope of a thorough reconciliation. But General Botha, please God, has many long years of usefulness be-



fore him, and though he undoubtedly has difficulties to meet among the men of his race, he seems to have much support in his broad-minded views.

South Africa knows now that she cannot stand alone. She could be brought to her knees sooner or later by any enemy who could blockade her ports, for at present she cannot feed herself; and even the Boers who have been most hostile to us would not wish to see any other European nation in our place. The experience which some of them gained in German territory after the war had an excellent effect upon them from our point of view.

And it must be remembered that South Africa is not in the position of some other self-governing states. It is still a strategical point of the greatest importance to the Empire, and is likely to remain so. Great Britain has fought for it in the past, and would fight for it again if there were any chance of its being lost to her. She would not listen patiently to any talk of separation.

Personally I do not believe, though my opinion can have little value, that the thinking men among our old enemies look forward to separation. Not only do they now understand the power and determination of our people, but I think that they do to some extent appreciate the friendly treatment accorded to them after the war. One Boer leader whom I met said his countrymen were not very grateful for the terms of peace, or for the compensation granted on account of war losses, or even for the right of self-government, but that they were deeply impressed by their admission on equal terms as citizens of the Empire. I hope he represented the feeling of his people on the last point at least, and that some of them go much further.

However this may be, whatever the feelings and hopes of the Dutch, surely it was wiser, more in consonance with

our traditions, to face the Union movement, which was not purely a Dutch movement, with the confidence of Lord Selborne, than to fear it would prove too much for the courage and capacity of our race.

#### IX.

##### JOHANNESBURG AND PRETORIA.

At first sight Johannesburg is certainly not attractive. The approach to it from the south is nothing else than ugly. After leaving the veldt with its red earth and green plains and blue "kopjes," the train passes along a ridge covered with clusters of corrugated iron shanties, a tall iron chimney here and there pouring out dark smoke, and the huge gray waste-heap of a gold mine "smoking" in the wind like a Persian snow-pass.

I have heard South Africa described as a desert, nothing but ant-hills and corrugated iron. That is a sweeping description, but there is some little truth in it, and perhaps it is more true of the approach to "Jo'burg" than of any other part of the country.

Nor is the town itself in any way beautiful. There are some good streets full of luxurious shops, and there are some large buildings; but mixed with all this there are, or were when I was there, mean houses and huts, many still of iron; while the roads off the main streets are muddy in wet weather, and horribly windy and dusty when the weather is dry.

Nevertheless, if one looks out upon the town, as I did, from a high window, and sees one of its frequent black thunderstorms breaking over the chimneys and waste-heaps of its gold mines, there is something wild and picturesque about it. And crossing the railway to the residential quarter one comes upon some fine houses, with gardens full of bright flowers under a deep-blue sky. The view from some of the rocky hills, among which these houses are built,

away over a deep valley to the far blue range of the Magaliesberg, is really beautiful. The last time I was there, in January, some of the gardens were delicious with masses of violets.

But beauty is not the thing upon which Johannesburg prides itself. There is no denying the fact that it turns out from its mines a vast quantity of gold,—thirty million pounds a-year or more,—and this being the case, it must, I suppose, be forgiven for disfiguring the veldt. There is something fascinating, too, about the mines themselves. The roar of their never-resting machinery gets on the brain, and they are dusty and squalid and generally hideous; but they are a wonderful example of human energy and organization.

The long rock tunnels, hundreds of feet under-ground, lit by electric light, the strings of trucks carrying ore along the tramways, the gigantic lifts, the machines which crush great masses of conglomerate rock as if they were walnuts, all give one a wonderful sense of power. It is interesting, too, to watch the cakes of gray amalgam in which the uninitiated eye can see no traces of gold, gradually giving birth to lumps of yellow sponge; and the yellow sponge thrown into pots in a furnace under the floor to emerge as liquid metal; and the liquid metal turned into solid gold bricks worth a couple of thousand pounds a-piece. All very interesting, and all making one feel one would not live that life for anything in the world.

Yet those who do live it seem happy enough. They are certainly well paid. The English miner, I was told, gets on an average as nearly as possible a pound a-day—about as much as a colonel commanding a regiment; and the native laborers, who play their “planos” and sing and dance every night in the compounds, can save enough in a few months’ work to set

themselves up for life as country gentlemen.

If only the white miners would be a little more careful they could save large sums of money, as some of them do; but the majority seem to be rather reckless. The life underground, and the heat and dust, and the prevalence of miners’ phthisis, all tend to encourage the curse of the place—drink. Too many of them, I was told, return to work on Monday, after a thirty-six hours’ “spree,” none the better off for the high pay drawn on Saturday afternoon, or for the beer and whisky into which too much of it has been turned. They are not far-sighted in other ways either. No miner, whatever he has done at home, will touch unskilled work here. That is “Kafir’s work.” So they never learn their business from the bottom, and many of the natives and Chinese, who do learn it, are becoming skilled workmen, especially the Chinese. But the Chinese will soon be a thing of the past. These people, about whom so much trouble was made in England for party purposes, were evidently most prosperous and contented. It was all mere politics.

There is some pleasant society in Johannesburg, and the kindest of hospitality for a stranger, and much sport of one kind and another. One must go a long way now for good shooting, but there is some racing, and some good cricket and football and tennis. The climate is variable, very stormy and windy and dusty at times, but, as a rule, bright and sunny. An English policeman whom I met one day at a street corner, where I was waiting for a tram-car, told me with quaint precision that there were three hundred and thirty-three cloudless days in the year. I daresay he was right. Persia, which is very like South Africa in climate, seemed to me to have three hundred and fifty.

Few places could be more unlike

Johannesburg than Pretoria, thirty miles away. It was a stormy afternoon when our train steamed out of Johannesburg station. The sky was dark, and hail lay all about the town, two or three inches deep, making the gray mine-heaps look very dirty. They are almost beautiful by moonlight. The hailstones were in places, according to the next day's newspaper, "as big as a duck's egg," and had smashed plate-glass freely.

A mile or two from Johannesburg there was no hail on the ground, but a very heavy thunderstorm was rolling away to the eastward over the veldt, the black clouds torn perpendicularly by vivid forks of lightning, and glowing at intervals like a furnace from the reflection of the sinking sun. These evening storms are a common feature of the Johannesburg summer. They roll off as suddenly as they come. Long before the train passed through the circle of fort-crowned hills which guard Kruger's old capital the sky was clear again, and the stars were beginning to shine.

Pretoria has often been described, but, having perhaps read the descriptions carelessly, I was surprised to find it at first sight so English a town. The shops and signs on the main street seemed almost all English. As a matter of fact, the English population preponderated in numbers. Going into the Parliament buildings in the fine central square, I found English officials at work; and crossing over the square to the Supreme Court opposite, I might have seen, though I did not see, an English Chief-Justice presiding, and English barristers, without wigs, pleading in English. Driving on to the little jail where the Reform prisoners were confined in 1896, I was let in through the old gateway by an English warder, who showed the wretched cell where they lay for so long. It had been turned into a store, and was full

of uniforms, clothing, boots, and other things of the kind. Almost all the warders in the jail were English. Of the men condemned to death by Kruger's Court, three or four were then sitting as members of the National Convention at Cape Town discussing the Union of South Africa.

I rode out a few miles across the plain, and saw the police doing their drill. They were a mixed corps, mostly English, some Dutch, with English officers. A finer body of men you would not easily see. The minimum height was 5 ft. 9 in., and they were mounted on excellent Australian horses, which I was told were easier to get than country breeds, and seemed to take kindly to the stony kopjes. English horses would not have stood the ground, but the Australian, as we have found in Central Asia, is harder in the legs and feet. Englishmen and Dutchmen alike seemed smart and contented.

Certainly Pretoria did not give one the impression of a town where the English population was being oppressed by a hostile Boer Government.

Of course Pretoria was not all English. The Prime Minister, General Botha, was Dutch, as were several of the other Ministers, and Dutchmen were gradually being introduced into all branches of the administration. Possibly, as some declared, they were being introduced too fast, and with too little consideration for Englishmen whose appointments were being retrenched. But many Englishmen were convinced that General Botha and his following were acting in a loyal and statesmanlike spirit, and deserved loyal support. Certainly the simple unaffected manner and conversation of the Boer leader impressed one very favorably. I was told that he had had the courage and foresight to vote as one of a very small minority against the war in which he played so distinguished a part; and undoubtedly, in the general opinion, he

stood out as the man whose moderation and force of character had made the reconciliation of the races a possible thing. If that opinion was wrong, the consensus in its favor among the English leaders was very remarkable.

The Union of South Africa, for which General Botha worked so well, is now an accomplished fact, and the British Crown has shown in a striking manner its recognition of the importance of that fact. It cannot be doubted that the South African people will have understood the significance of the Duke of Connaught's visit, and seen in it the clearest proof of the sympathy with which the Union movement was regarded in Great Britain.

The contrast between the Pretoria of ten years ago and the Pretoria I saw was such as to make one think deeply on the mutability of human affairs. Kruger's house was still there,—the low white-washed house on the old Dutch road, with the rough white lions on the stoep, where the stubborn old President used to sit smoking and drinking his coffee. Just opposite was the little church where he used to hold forth. But the house was unoccupied; the room to the left of the doorway was full of funeral wreaths; and the crafty indomitable old man was lying in the cemetery hard by, under his black tomb, while the hated flag against which he fought so long flew over the capital where he had collected his guns and hatched his schemes of conquest. It is better so, no doubt; but as one stands by his grave, and looks at the heavy powerful face carved in white marble above it, one cannot but be touched by something of admiration for his stubborn courage, and of sympathy for the race feeling which grew stronger with him year after year from the time when he went out with his people as a boy in the Great Trek.

He did much harm; for he was the embodiment of the spirit which made

for the disunion of South Africa, and that disunion cost thousands of good lives, Dutch and English; but the vacillating policy of Great Britain was perhaps as much to blame as he was. If it had been more steady and virile, if we had not at times been obsessed by the doctrines of the Manchester School, and afraid of colonial expansion, he would never have had the power, or possibly the inclination, to do the harm he did.

It was, I think, singularly fortunate for Great Britain and South Africa that during the early days of the Union movement our civil and military power should have been represented at Pretoria by two such men as Lord Selborne and Lord Methuen. The straightforward and chivalrous attitude of Lord Methuen towards his old enemies must have made many of them his friends, if not ours; and Lord Selborne was surely the model of what a man in his position should be, as modest and patient as he was conscientious and fearless. We have been a lucky nation all over the world; but if we have among us many men of their stamp to send abroad, we deserve our good luck.

## X.

### THE SOUTH AFRICAN CLIMATE.

The Union of South Africa and the racial problem are so closely connected that one naturally thinks of them together: one can hardly do otherwise; but there are other matters which lie deeper. Perhaps there has been of late a tendency in South Africa to expect too much from the Union of the Colonies. Thoughtful South Africans recognize this fully; but many people have written and talked as if Union were of itself a cure for all the ills to which flesh is heir. This is natural enough. South Africa has suffered so much in one way or another, and the evils directly caused by disunion have been so evident, that men have been tempted to

catch rather hastily at the hope of better things. The general feeling has been, "We are out of the wood now. There is a good time coming."

I believe that this is true, but it is not certain. Even if we assume that all the evils caused by disunion will now be cured,—a very large assumption,—the question remains whether South Africa contains within herself the elements of progress and prosperity. This question is not by any means an easy one to answer.

The first consideration which occurs to one when trying to answer it is the consideration of climate. It is hardly possible to exaggerate the importance of climatic conditions in the case of a people removed from its natural home, and trying to establish a new home in a quarter of the world hitherto inhabited by a totally different race. Perhaps the Englishman, accustomed to see his countrymen travelling and settling all over the globe, hardly recognizes the full weight of this consideration. Though the immediate and superficial effects of climate are obvious to all, the deeper and more enduring effects are brought about slowly, and are apt to be overlooked.

It has been said that the natural tendency of Europe is to produce the white man, of America to produce the red man, of Asia to produce the brown man and the yellow man, of Africa to produce the black man, and that the tendency of a white race from Europe settling in one of the other continents is to revert to the natural type of that continent.

The theory lends itself to ridicule; but it is, after all, only a picturesque way of stating an evident fact. The white man has in some sort to come to terms with the climate if he is to make his permanent home in countries which nature has allotted to others. There are countries in which, so far as can be seen at present, he cannot come to

terms with the climate. In the common phrase, used, for example, by South Africans of Northern Rhodesia, they are "not white man's countries."

There are other countries in which, though nature has not apparently produced white men, the white man seems at once to find a suitable home. And there are countries which he seems gradually to make a suitable home, with more or less difficulty and trouble. In the course of the long conflict there is some give and take, some adaptation at times on the part of the race, some departure, for good or evil, from the original type.

Climate acts with much delicacy of touch, but it acts steadily, and not so slowly after all as might be expected. No one can help seeing, for example, that in America, and even in so young a country as Australia, there is an inclination towards departure from the original type.

Uncle Sam is not so different from John Bull as "Punch" represents him to be; but, as Uncle Sam joyfully admits, he is developing some difference, and he had begun to do so before there was in his veins much admixture of foreign blood. In his huge country there is even room for climatic subdivisions. The American of South Carolina and the American of Maine have differentiated, and they have done so mainly, though not entirely, on account of climate.

Of course there are many secondary causes which bring about striking differences between peoples of the same race. For example, the French of France have ceased to multiply. The French of Canada multiply with amazing rapidity. It is difficult to imagine a greater contrast than that between the thrifty households of Republican free-thinking France and the log-cabins of the Catholic "habitans" of Eastern Canada, swarming with beautiful children. Men laughed when it was

prophesied long ago that some day there would be more Englishmen across the Atlantic than in England. It seems now, unfortunately for Europe, that some day there may be more Frenchmen across the Atlantic than in France. This change in the qualities or conduct of the race is of the greatest moment,—for in a sense it is true that “le Dieu des batailles est le Dieu des gros bataillons,”—and it must be admitted that the change is due mainly or largely to causes other than climate.

In considering the future of South Africa, climate is not, of course, the only thing to be regarded. There as elsewhere the inherited characteristics of the white people, the resources of the territory of which they have become possessed, and other circumstances, will come into play. But underlying all such circumstances in every part of the world is the question of climate; and in the case of South Africa that question seems to be of special moment.

So far as race characteristics are concerned, South Africa starts on a sound basis. The white people come mainly of two excellent and nearly allied stocks. There is no evident reason, from that point of view, why they should not develop as successfully as, for example, the people of Canada are developing.

Again, the territory of South Africa is of immense extent, and if not as rich as Canada from an agricultural point of view, is nevertheless full of varied resources. In other respects, too, she is on the whole favored by fortune. But she has not been endowed by nature with a Canadian climate; and the real question is whether the climate which nature has given her is one which fits her to become “a white man’s country” in the truest sense of the phrase.

This question does not seem to me one which can be answered with abso-

lute confidence. As in the Southern States of the American Union, the climate is certainly not such as to sterilize a white race. On the contrary, South Africa, like Virginia and her Southern sisters, breeds a singularly fine race of white men, and, so far, the race is one which seems, when nature is given fair play, to be remarkably prolific. The climate is certainly a very pleasant one. It makes men want to be in the open air and lead an outdoor life. The farms are increasing rapidly in number, and even among the English, who are mostly town dwellers, there is a considerable tendency to get back to the land.

But whether the climate of South Africa tends to develop or maintain the keenness and progressive energy of the white man is not so clear. South Africans, while generally praising it for its brightness and exhilarating qualities, complain that the heat in summer is very trying; and it is possible, as some declare, that the general effect of the climate—though, of course, it varies considerably in different parts of the country—may be to produce a certain languor of body and mind.

The South African seems in many respects particularly energetic. Considering, for example, the smallness of the white population, it is astonishing to see how high is the level of efficiency in physical sports. The South African football-player is as good as, if not better than, any other in the world. The South African cricketer has taught our English players some striking lessons. An English South African, himself an “international” player, told me not long ago that, in his opinion, the effect of the climate—of the pure light, and exhilarating air—was very frequently to turn a second-rate English cricketer into a first-class one. I think he instanced that formidable bat Nourse, formerly a British soldier, who has I see lately made 200 not out.



against South Australia. The number and general efficiency of the South African tennis-players has lately surprised their English visitors. Although the bicycle is rapidly displacing the horse on the veldt, the South African has been and is a good horseman, and a mighty hunter of big game—only too efficient. It makes one's heart sore to think what he has done with the Africa of Oswell and Selous. No one can say that he is not physically a fine specimen of white manhood; and it is difficult to persuade oneself that there can be much the matter with his climate.

At the same time there is perhaps a certain tendency to indolence, a want of the unresting keenness which characterizes the most progressive peoples. Many South African farmers, for example, seem content to breed enough cattle and sheep and grow enough "mealies" to maintain themselves and their numerous progeny. They want nothing more. There is no divine discontent about them. Ride round from farm to farm in the Transvaal, and as often as not you will find the owner smoking, perhaps with two or three tall sons about him, on the "stoep" of a house which is bare of all ornament—a mere cabin of mud or corrugated iron, without a garden or a flower. Very likely you will notice that the mealie crop looks neglected, or the farmer will point it out to you; and he will complain that he cannot get any labor—that is to say, black labor. People will say, "Oh, you mean the Dutch farmer. Of course he is lazy; but that is because he is Dutch." Is it? There are no doubt many keen and energetic men among the British farmers, doing everything that can be done to improve the soil—living in good houses with beautiful gardens, and making a fine income. So there are among the Dutch. The most beautiful farmhouse and garden I saw in South Africa belonged to a Dutch

family. But in both cases are these not the exception rather than the rule? Is not the effect of the climate on Englishmen and Dutchmen alike to make their energy rather spasmodic, and induce long periods of repose? So some people say. Colquhoun, who regards the climate as "both delightful and healthful to the white man," yet remarks that "there is a spirit of inertia in the land—a lotus-eating tendency not confined to any race or region. Nothing more antagonistic to the American spirit of keenness and hurry can be imagined; and the Australian or Canadian who models himself on the American type and wants to 'hurdle' the Africander is intensely disliked."

Some say that the apparent indolence of the South African farmer is not due to want of keenness, but to the enormous difficulties with which he has had to contend. After generations of struggle with locusts and rinderpest and other scourges of the country, he has seen that it is hopeless, and has given up, content for the future if he can manage to live in moderate comfort and peace.

Others will tell you that the conditions of life in South Africa were originally so easy, the climate so genial, land so plentiful, hard toil so unnecessary, that the farmer got into the way of not overworking himself, and finds it difficult to adapt himself to existing circumstances.

Where the truth lies I am not competent to judge; but, whatever the cause, there does seem to be a tendency in the South African at present to "take things easy,"—to let well or ill alone. Coupled with other qualities,—a certain dignity and reserve and courtesy of manner,—it makes the South African character a very attractive one to the stranger; but it is rather a dangerous tendency. Against it many South Africans are fighting hard. The Union movement itself is the best proof of the

fact. But the tendency does seem to exist. To it more than to anything else some South Africans attribute the slow advance hitherto made by their country, the excessive dearth of living which prevents white immigration, and other evils.

Perhaps, therefore, one real difficulty with which South Africa has to contend in the future is that her climate, though it is pleasant and breeds a fine race of white men, is not one in which the white man feels impelled to eager and constant work. It is hard to un-

derstand why this should be so, if it is so. During a summer spent in South Africa I never had a disagreeable hot day; and everywhere I saw men walking about, in the heat of the afternoon, in caps and small hats. Personally, like Colquhoun, I thought the climate delightful. But I constantly heard Englishmen saying that it made them feel "slack," and that I should change my mind if I remained a year or two longer. It may be that the climate is not altogether that of a "white man's country."

Blackwood's Magazine.

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## THE VAGABOND.

It was deadly cold in Danbury town  
 One terrible night in mid November,  
 A night that the Danbury folk remember  
 For the sleety wind that hammered them down,  
 That chilled their faces and chapped their skin,  
 And froze their fingers and bit their feet,  
 And made them ice to the heart within,  
     And spattered and scattered  
     And shattered and battered  
 Their shivering bodies about the street;  
 And the fact is most of them didn't roam  
 In the face of the storm, but stayed at home;  
 While here and there a policeman, stamping  
 To keep himself warm or sedately tramping  
 Hither and thither, paced his beat;  
 Or peered where out of the blizzard's welter  
 Some wretched being had crept to shelter,  
 And now, drenched through by the sleet, a muddled  
 Blur of a man and his rags, lay huddled.

But one there was who didn't care,  
 Whatever the furious storm might dare,  
 A wonderful, hook-nosed bright-eyed fellow  
 In a thin brown cape and a cap of yellow  
 That perched on his dripping coal-black hair.  
 A red scarf set off his throat and bound him,  
 Crossing his breast, and, winding round him,  
     Flapped at his flank  
     In a red streak dank;  
 And his hose were red, with a purple sheen  
 From his tunic's blue, and his shoes were green.  
 He was most outlandishly patched together  
 With ribbons of silk and tags of leather,  
 And chains of silver and buttons of stone,  
 And knobs of amber and polished bone,

And a turquoise brooch and a collar of jade,  
And a belt and a pouch of rich brocade,  
And a gleaming dagger with inlaid blade  
And jewelled handle of burnished gold  
Rakishly stuck in the red scarf's fold—  
A dress, in short, that might suit a wizard

On a calm warm day

In the month of May,

But was hardly fit for an autumn blizzard.

Whence had he come? Who could say,  
As he swung through Danbury town that day,

With a friendly light in his deep-set eyes,  
And his free wild gait and his upright bearing,  
And his air that nothing could well surprise,  
So bright it was and so bold and daring?

He might have troubled the slothful ease

Of the Great Mogul in a warlike fever;

He might have bled for the Maccabees,

Or risen, spurred.

By the Prophet's word,

And swooped on the hosts of the unbeliever.

Whatever his birth and his nomenclature,  
Something he seemed to have, some knowledge  
That never was taught at school or college,

But was part of his very being's nature:

Some ingrained lore that wanderers show

As over the earth they come and go,

Though they hardly know what it is they know.

And so with his head upheld he walked,

And ever the rain drove down;

And now and again to himself he talked

In the streets of Danbury town.

And now and again he'd stop and trol

A stave of music that seemed to roll

From the inmost depths of his ardent soul;

But the wind took hold of the notes and tossed them

And the few who chanced to be near him lost them.

So, moving on where his fancy listed,

He came to a street that turned and twisted;

And there by a shop-front dimly lighted

He suddenly stopped as though affrighted,

Stopped and stared with his deep gaze centred

On something seen, like a dream's illusion,

Through the streaming glass, mid the queer confusion

Of objects littered on shelf and floor,

And about the counter and by the door—

And then with his lips set tight he entered.

There were rusty daggers and battered breastplates,  
And jugs of pewter and carved oak cases,  
And china monsters with hideous faces,  
And cracked old plates that had once been best plates;  
And needle-covers and such old-wivery;  
Wonderful chess-men made from ivory;

Cut-glass bottles for wines and brandies,  
 Sticks once flourished by bucks and dandies;  
 Deep old glasses they drank enough in,  
 And golden boxes they took their snuff in;  
 Rings that flashed on a gallant's knuckles,  
 Seals and lockets and shining buckles;  
 Watches sadly in need of menders,  
 Blackened firedogs and dented fenders;  
 Prints and pictures and quaint knick-knackery,  
 Rare old silver and mere gimcrackery—  
 Such was the shop, and in its middle  
 Stood an old man holding a dusty fiddle.

The Vagabond bowed and the old man bowed,  
 And then the Vagabond spoke aloud.  
 "Sir," he said, "we are two of a trade,  
 Each for the other planned and made,  
 And so we shall come to a fair agreement,  
 Since I am for you and you're for me meant.  
 And I, having travelled hither from far, gain  
 You yourself as my life's best bargain.

But I am one

Who chaffers for fun,  
 Who when he perceives such stores of beauty  
 Outspread conceives it to be his duty  
 To buy of his visit a slight memento;  
 Some curious gem of the quattrocento,  
 Or something equally rare and priceless,  
 Though its outward fashions perhaps entice less:  
 A Sultan's slipper, a Bishop's mitre,  
 Or the helmet owned by a Roundhead fighter,  
 Or an old buff coat by the years worn thin,  
 Or—what do you say to the violin?  
 I'll wager you've many, so *you* can't miss one,  
 And I—well, I have a mind for this one,  
 This which was made, as you must know,  
 Three hundred years and a year ago  
 By one who dwelt in Cremona city  
 For me—but I lost it, more's the pity,  
 Sixty years back in a wild disorder  
 That flamed to a flight on the Afghan border;  
 And, whatever it costs, I am bound to win it,  
 For I left the half of my full soul in it."

And now as he spoke his eyes began  
 To shiver the heart of the gray old man;

And the old man stuttered,

And "Sir," he muttered,

"The words you speak are the merest riddle.  
 But—five pounds down, and you own the fiddle'  
 And I'll choose for your hand, while the pounds you dole out,  
 A bow with which you may pick that soul out."

So said so done, and our friend again  
 Was out in the raging wind and rain.  
 Swift through the twisting street he passed  
 And came to the Market Square at last,

And climbed and stood  
On a block of wood  
Where a pent-house, leant to a wall, gave shelter  
From the brunt of the blizzard's helter-skelter,  
And, waving his bow, he cried, "Ahoy!  
Now steady your hearts for an hour of joy!"  
And so to his cheek and jutting chin  
Straight he fitted the violin,  
And, rounding his arm in a movement gay,  
Touched the strings and began to play.

There hasn't been heard since the world spun round  
Such a marvellous blend of thrilling sound.  
It streamed, it flamed, it rippled and blazed,  
And now it reproached and now it praised,  
And the liquid notes of it wove a scheme  
That was one-half life and one-half a dream.  
And again it scaled in a rush of fire  
The glittering peaks of high desire:  
Now, foiled and shattered, it rose again  
And plucked at the souls and hearts of men;  
And still as it rose the sleet came down  
In the Market Square of Danbury town.

And now from hundreds of opened doors,  
With quiet paces  
And happy faces,  
In ones and twos and threes and fours,  
A crowd pressed out to the Market Square  
And stood in the storm and listened there.

And, oh, with what a solemn tender strain  
The long-drawn music eased their hearts of pain;  
And gave them visions of divine content;  
Green fields and happy valleys far away,  
And rippling streams and sunshine and the scent  
Of bursting buds and flowers that come in May.  
And one spoke in a rapt and gentle voice,  
And bade his friends rejoice,  
"For now," he said, "I see, I see once more  
My little lass upon a pleasant shore  
Standing, as long ago she used to stand,  
And beckoning to me with her dimpled hand.  
As in the vanished years,  
So I behold her and forget my tears."  
And each one had his private joy, his own,  
All the old happy things he once had known,  
Renewed and from the prisoning past set free,  
And mixed with hope and happy things to be.

So for a magic hour the music gushed,  
Then faded to a close, and all was hushed,  
And the tranced people woke and looked about,  
And fell to wondering what had brought them out  
On such a night of wind and piercing sleet,  
Exposed with hatless heads and thin-shod feet.

Something, they knew, had chased their heavy sadness;

And for the years to come they still may keep,

As from a morning sleep,

Some broken gleam of half-remembered gladness.

But the wild fiddler on his feet of flame

Vanished and went the secret way he came.

Punch.

## POLLY HITCHIN—HER BOOK.

### I.

I can't believe as how we could have all gone to school and never guessed that this was going to be the most exciting day what ever was. It seemed just like every other day till dictation, and I had just got rarely into trouble through spelling scissors with three "z's" and two "s's," when all of a sudden in comes the head-mistress, and there was a swishing and a road-sweeping sort of a noise, and a smell like what's in the scent-machines, and in walks a beautiful lady. Her dress was all silk and satin, not a bit the sort of stuff that Edie buys, what only looks like silk whilst it's in the shop-window—and that's 6¼d. a yard; so the lady's must have been a good bit more. The lady sets to and makes a speech, and she says as she was going to give everyone a book and we'd all got to write a Diary, just about the things we do and thinks, and the best one is going to have a prize. Seems queer like, seeing we does just the same as everybody else; but it's going to be a rare job, for it has all got to be neat and tidy like, and in the sort of English what's in books—teacher says what we talks down here isn't English at all. Then up we all goes and gets the books, and I did feel real mad 'cause my hair wasn't exactly tidy; but that was all the Terror's fault for having hid the comb in the bottom of the coal-box, and as we had 'arf a hundred dumped right in on top of it, it's bound to be a week 'fore we sees that comb again.

Just afore the lady went away she turns round to teacher and says something 'bout the classes helping up the masses. We couldn't hear very well, and couldn't rightly understand; of course, we was the classes sitting there, but we couldn't make out what the masses was till Peter thought of the babies. He says as there are masses of them, and being small like they naturally do sit down in the gutter and on the kerb; but we were sorry when Peter thought of that, for it must mean us having to carry them about more than ever. We told Edie, and she says it means raising up their minds. Anyway this won't make yer arms ache so, and Edie knows all about that sort of thing, 'cause she goes to Mission whenever she has a bit of new on she wants to show. So we have been trying it on all day, but being missionaries to babies is very discouraging work.

Peter says my Diary won't never get the prize, 'cause I've begun all wrong, and proper books always start with saying who you are; perhaps it will count now.

Dad is Father, and his name is Mr. Hitchin. He used to make bicycles, but something went wrong through no fault of his, and now he's always out of work and we are always getting poorer. Then there's Mum—she's Mrs. Hitchin, and she makes trousers with a machine all day. When I was telling her about the beautiful lady, my Mother said she didn't believe she knew as how a pair of trousers was made:



but I can't believe a great lady like her don't know a little thing like that, even though her 'usband has got regular work, so she don't have to make 'em.

Peter is the eldest; when he leaves school he's going to be a errand-boy, but he says it must be at a place that gives him a uniform cap, you feels worth so much more in uniform; besides, all the old ladies chooses you out to ask the way, so you can get extr'y pennies like that. Then comes the Terror. His real name is Chrysostom, after the church; but that is a name nobody can't ever say (though when Dad is real mad with him he do call him Chrysanthemum), but it's generally Chris for short, or the Terror. He's not exactly wicked, and, of course, he's straight, like we all are; but he's always a-doing of somethink. Then there is Wilyum the Kid, and that's all, except I'd forgotten to say I'm Polly, and by rights I ought to come next to Peter.

Father being out of work, we all got our dinner up at the school, and nobody didn't talk about nothink except the Diaries, only Peter and me, and we had a tremendous secret which was really going to happen that afternoon. There is a big furniture shop at the corner of High Street, and there's a very polite gentleman outside all day saying nice things, and he prints up nice things on all the furniture, too. Now we keep getting poorer, furniture is a thing we haven't got, so we always goes and looks in this shop. There was a lovely 'orse'air sofy with a card pinned on the back: "Don't hesitate, come right in and ask questions; we like it," and then a very big 9d, and a very small per week, so small we never thought nothing about it. We used to go and look at the sofy every day for fear it should go, 'cause we meant to give it to Mum for a Xmas present. We had been saving up for weeks and weeks, and yesterday we got the last

½d., so off we goes with the 9d. tied up safe in the tail of Peter's shirt.

The sofy was looking more beautiful than ever, and the polite gentleman was saying the same things he always does; but he took no notice of us, 'cause he never reckoned we could be going to buy the sofy. At last we goes in, and Peter starts asking questions, and then I began, when—I can't tell you just exactly *what* happened, only it wasn't arf a lie about the gentleman liking it, and he quite left off being polite.

We had left the Terror outside to mind the Kid, and when he heard the gentleman swearing he dumped Wilyum down into a big arm-chair and started turning wheels in the gutter; he said after it was jest to show he weren't afraid. When I found the Kid, he was sitting very comfortable in the chair sucking a big card what said, "Why wait, when it's so simple; is down and a happy home"; but we know now what a lie that is, and it seemed as though the Kid did too by the way he'd messed it up.

When we got home we was feeling just miserable, and our 9d. was only making a bump for Peter to sit on. We soon saw that poor Mum was put about over something, too; and she said there being no work she had been obliged to put her wedding-ring in. Of course, some folks do it reg-lar, but my Mother had always stuck out, and now she wasn't arf crying; besides it had all gone in the rent, so there wasn't scarcely any tea after all. Me and Peter both had the same idea quite sudden like, and we sneaked out and fairly raced off to old Mr. James. He makes wedding-rings on purpose for all the ladies to wear whilst theirs are in. He makes them out of French pennies, and the copper shines up something lovely, every bit as bright as gold, only inside you can see all the pattern. He was rarely surprised to see us, and when we got out the 4d. he chose a

shiney beauty, and you should just have seen my Mother's face when we came back and put it on—she thought it was the beautifulest present she'd ever had; but she doesn't know as we have got 5d. left for another Xmas present.

That's about all that happened that day, and I reckon that the folks as keep Diaries must be them that don't do nothing, for one day has taken me a terrible time; but then we're always busy down here. I wish I'd done it better, 'cause of the prize. We keeps talking about what we'll buy, though Mum says it's counting un'atched chickens. Anyhow, it's very near as good to keep thinking what we'll do; and we've made up our minds there are two people as shan't get so much as a shine of it—one is the rude gentleman that calls for the rent, and the other is the rude gentleman with the 'orse'air sofy.

## II.

This is the Diary of Peter Hitchin, which is me. . . .

When I had got as far as this I'd had enough of Diaries, so I swopped my pencil to the Terror for a bit of white chalk, and the Terror's gone and used it to help stop up a drain, so I can't get it back. My Dad says as there is nothing a boy can't make a better show of mischief with than a bit of chalk, and I reckon he wouldn't be disappointed if he saw the number of places I drewed on with that bit. It don't seem exactly fair though that my sister Polly should be trying for the prize at school and not me, so now I've took her bit of pencil, and I reckon if I writes a Diary it ought to get the prize, seeing the exciting things that are always a-happening to me.

*Chapter I.*—I means to begin like a proper book and tell you all about us. I lives in No. 44, along with Polly and my brother Chris, him as we calls the

Terror, and Wilyum the Kid. If you want to find our house it's a bit difficult 'cause the number has dropped off the door, but you'll know it by a notice printed up, "Early Calling done here." That was all through the Terror, and just the sort of thing he does. He was playing at drums with the Kid's head and the window-pane, and the window broke, and everythink was smothered in blood before you could say knife. It happened on a Friday, so of course there was no money in the house; but Mother borrowed a 6d. and fairly raced the Kid off to the doctor. He's a real gentleman he is, wears a top hat and all, and you just rings the bell and pays the 6d. and there's nothing he won't do for you. The poor Kid went on bleeding somethink crule, and my Mother said the doctor fairly whipped in the stitches, and then he puts on a bandage; but he didn't know Wilyum if he thought there was any sort of a bandage he couldn't wriggle out of. The scar what's left was one of the best and the most interesting in the street till Sally Johnson got hers. She was swinging on a rope tied between the gate-posts, and the rope broke, and, my word, she nearly cut her head off on the kerb, she did, but she got a lot more sweets for letting us have looks under the bandage than we ever got for Wilyum.

Writing Diaries seems a much harder job than I ever thought; you keeps writing about things you don't want to, and what I was meaning to tell you all the time was about our house. The hole the Kid's head made was rarely draughty, so I thought of printing the notice up about Early Calling; it keeps the wind out beautiful, and doesn't look 'arf bad, 'cause everybody in our street says things in their window, though it is mostly about mangling, or barrows for hire, or doorstep cleaning. Dad does the calling; it's a very easy job when once you have done the getting

of yourself out of bed, for you only just taps on the window with a long stick till the gentleman gets up and swears at you, and then you know it's all right.

I suppose there are folks as don't mind when it's a wet day Saturday, but then it don't mean them being hungry. It makes a deal of difference to us and Mr. Smith; he sells vegetables in the High Street, and we works in with him on a Saturday. It ain't a bit of good trying to sell no other day, and the way you works it is to borrow 10s. on Thursday, and then you buys the stuff that night. This time of year it's celery, so all Friday they are washing it in the back yard, and if there ain't a back yard they washes it in the street, and it don't make arf a smell and mess. The gentleman has to have his money paid back on Sunday with 1d. extry on every shilling. The week afore last they cleared 15s., but this week there was only 3½d. left after paying back, and as Mr. Smith has nine of his own to keep we didn't get nothing, so a wet Saturday means a lot more than some folks think. It's made us very short this week, so Mother has had to put in any bits of extry clothes we had, and this made the Terror's mistake matter all the more. Me and Albert Smith was going to have a competition who could ride down to East Ham first without paying for it. We hadn't had much luck with 'buses, though if you're nippy and the top of the motor is full, you can ride no end of a way whilst the gentleman is collecting upstairs. The Terror must needs come and try too; but his legs are too short for 'buses, so he wasn't 'arf pleased to see a cart going along with a nice low down rail. He was sitting on it as pleased as Punch, when all of a sudden it went round a corner, and it turned out as it was the watering cart. Poor Chris had to be in bed nearly all next day,

not having a change; but I won the competition by riding on the back of a funeral; it went a good steady pace, and you felt more settled like than on a 'bus. That's just the sort of thing as always happens to Chris. The other day he must needs go climbing up one of them sand-bins in the road and tumble in head first; it happened to be a small one and nearly empty, so his head got buried right deep down, and he was nearly dead of sand by the time a kind gentleman pulled him out by the legs.

This is the end of Peter's Diary, and he won't write no more, so I will, 'cause the lady took my book. I'm his sister Polly. Poor Peter was a bit put out 'cause he didn't win the prize, and I'm sure he deserved it more'n me, though, as he says, it comes to the same thing so long as it's in the family. I don't know however I came to win it, and you could have knocked me down with a feather when the lady read out my name. She was looking just lovely, and she brought her little girl along with her. I never saw nobody so stiff and straight as she was, and her frock was that short that I reckon her mother has to think about saving the stuff same as mine, for she seemed to have growed out of everything all at once like.

I had to go up and get the prize, and everybody clapped, and I never knew before how terrible bad getting a prize does make you feel; but I did keep hoping that the little girl thought my hair was better crimped than hers.

It was last Wednesday I won the prize, and yesterday the wonderfulest thing of all happened. We was out playing in our street, same as usual; most of the boys was racing on their roller-skates, excepting about a dozen who was playing football with a tin can, and the rest of us was skipping and whipping tops, and then, of course,

there was all the kids about, so the street did seem pretty full and busy, when all of a sudden I saw my beautiful lady standing at the corner quite frightened like. She told me she had come all the way 'cause she wanted to see me and the Terror and No. 44. Then she says, "Polly," she says, "are they always as happy as this?" and I says "Yes, particular on a Saturday"; and she says "Is there always such a noise?" and I didn't know, because I'd never thought before how everybody was shouting; and then she says, "I never thought it was at all like this, never," but whatever did she think it could be like?

The Terror was teaching another boy to turn wheels up against the wall; Chris is the best anywhere about us, and he could turn them a treat time as most boys is only learning. The lady didn't arf laugh at him, specially as he would keep standing on his head; he said afterwards he thought he looked more tidy like that way up, which was silly, seeing that the seat of his trousers was out, and so was the soles of his boots. Then I took my lady home, and she just sat down on our chair and talked as natural like as anythink; my Mother said after-

*The Cornhill Magazine.*

wards as she did think she was a pleasant spoken person, almost like one of your own. It was quite right about the trousers, for she didn't know nothing about making them; she said it had never crossed her mind, but now she should always think of it. Before she went she said—but I forgot that's a secret. Only if Dad do get regular work won't it just make a difference all round.

When we got out an organ was playing and everybody was dancing, and it looked that nice and lively, she says again, "I never thought it was like this, never." I asked her whatever they did all the time in the street where she lives, and when she said the children didn't play there, and there weren't no skating, or dancing, or football I thought it must be terrible dull and quiet; there wouldn't be nothing to put into a Diary, leastways nothing what would win a prize like mine. You should have seen how slow my lady walked away, she kept stopping and looking. Peter said he reckoned she was wishing she lived down our way, but my Mother said no, for home was home, and the place you liked to live in wherever it happened to be.

*Marjory Hardcastle.*

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## WANTED: WRITTEN LAW FOR TOURISTS.

At a time when nations strive with more sincerity than guile after a better understanding with each other, with promising talk of arbitration and even the dream of disarmament, can nothing be done to improve the *morale* of the tourist, the sample by which every country judges of its neighbors? Like traders, careful that their travellers' samples shall be of, at least, average quality, cannot we, a nation of shopkeepers, do something to ensure that a more favorable impression may be

made abroad by the Englishmen and Englishwomen who spend their holidays in foreign capitals? A century ago the Grand Tour was part and parcel of every young nobleman's education, a progress of pomp and circumstance, with much posting and social amenity, a fine and dignified inspection of cities and scenery. If now and then this high-class travel found its expression in somewhat pedantic literature, like the memoirs of Mrs. Piozzi, there was no compulsion to read it, and the

Grand Tourists of the eighteenth century were at least worthy to represent in foreign parts the dignity and prestige of the Empire on which the sun never sets.

The same cannot, unfortunately, be said of the Little Tourist of to-day. He is cheaper, like his modes of travel. He moves by favor of the coupon in personally conducted parties, and he leaves such manners as he has on this side of the Channel. Doubtless the work of his improvement is everybody's business, and therefore nobody's business. I shall be told, perhaps, that it is none of mine. Yet I venture, in despite of such criticism, to suggest that if the Foreign Office could so far stoop to a sense of lesser duties as to issue with every passport a printed code of hitherto unwritten law, an epitome of etiquette, such an innovation would contribute even more to the friendship of the nations than the Hague Conference. Much of this mutual distrust among neighbors arises, without a doubt, from trivial misunderstandings, petty differences of standpoint, shades of mentality; in short, from want on both sides of that tact which our late King exercised with such happy results on his travels both within and without his Empire, and which, all said and done, is neither more nor less than a combination of moral perspective and sense of humor.

It is quite impossible to measure the degree in which the bad impression left in foreign minds by the worst type of British tourist may contribute to strained relations between his own country and that in which he forgets his manners. I shall perhaps be told that his boorishness, his contempt for conventions, his indifference to local prejudices, his irreverence in places of worship, his arrogance in eating-houses, all count for very little; that his eccentric dress and want of manners excite mirth and not anger; in

short, that I am attaching a quite disproportionate importance to a grievance which has none. This optimistic view of his short-comings does not, unfortunately, tally with what I have seen and heard in half-a-dozen Continental countries; while to watch English tourists in company with those of other nations during an Easter Week in the Holy Land was to confirm a previous conviction that they need educating.

They are not provided for in the better class of travel handbook. It is to be regretted that there exists no special manual for their behoof, written for them as Galton's *Art of Travel*, or the excellent handbook of the Geographical Society, is written for the academic traveller of more serious pursuits. Those who spend a month in Continental capitals do not need to be told how to pitch a tent, light a camp-fire, or signal for help when lost in the jungle. What they need to be told is how to behave themselves in churches, in railway-carriages, restaurants, or at public entertainments. Pity it is that they should stand in need of such information, but the melancholy fact remains that they do. Should the Foreign Office see its way to supplement its passports with such a code of hints as has been suggested, here are a few of the salient matters which should not be overlooked.

First and foremost, a general instruction to the wandering tourist of ultra-patriotic temperament that there are other countries besides Great Britain. It may seem ridiculous to insist on this; but it is a fact commonly overlooked, and it is a concession that the travelling Englishman may make without disloyalty to his King. There is France, there is Germany, there is Italy—particularly Italy, the beautiful land in which he is seen at his worst. On the strength of a half-remembered smattering of fifth-form Latin, even the more educated tripper sometimes takes



possession of Rome as if it were a suburb of Oxford. In so doing he quite ignores that other modern Rome, the princely Rome of the late Marion Crawford's novels, which moves in a world of its own to which the vulgar sightseer has no access. In addition to the counsel to recognize the existence of nations other than his own, the globe-trotter should be exhorted against race-prejudice generally. Those who suffer from this obsession should stay at home, since world-travel will do little to eradicate it if it is in their bones; and the man who roams abroad with a catholic contempt for "dagos" and "niggers" will make life a misery to himself and those about him. It is not here suggested that this bigoted prejudice against those of other color, creed, or language has the same significance in the irresponsible traveller as it would have in those entrusted with the administration of the Empire's affairs overseas. Yet there is no doubt whatever in my mind, after twenty years of travel in Continental capitals, as well as in the country districts, that this vulgar and ignorant contempt for every ideal in dress or manners which does not conform to the conventions of Brixton Hill, thinly veiled where indeed it is not openly expressed, does incalculable harm in disturbing otherwise cordial relations. I do not hesitate to say that even to-day, with all the talk of the *entente cordiale* on the one hand, and the "Rhine" on the other, a party of German tourists will excite less derision in a boulevard café than one composed of a too familiar type of English people.

The etiquette of the railway-carriage is another matter in which the British tourist might with advantage be guided to a better understanding of his obligations. Railway journeys in this country are for the most part so short that a boor has scarcely time to make himself objectionable. On the Continent,

however, or in America, where the journey may last for days and nights, he has endless opportunities, and much greater importance therefore attaches to those little amenities so often neglected at home; the matter of keeping the window up or down during the day, or the light covered or otherwise at night, the arrangement of hand-baggage on the rack, and so on. It is simply a matter of compromise, and the commonest cause of friction with the Englishman is not so much his churlishness as his remarkable ignorance of modern languages. Unable to make himself understood, he blusters. True, there are times when a little knowledge of languages may also be dangerous, in proof of which let me tell a story against myself. Some fifteen years ago, one night in March, I found myself at Madrid in the night express, bound south for Ronda. I had wired from the hotel in the Puerto del Sol for a corner seat in a first-class smoking carriage; and, knowing that it would be retained, I lingered over an excellent dinner and drove to the station at the last moment. The compartment accommodated eight, and I found the other seven places already occupied by stalwart Spaniards, all of whom had lighted large cigars and removed the boots from off their feet. Both windows were up, and the atmosphere was not to my liking. My reserved seat, in the farther corner, faced the engine, so that at home, at any rate, etiquette would have permitted me to lower it if I had so desired. But I was not at home, and a feeble attempt to open it a few inches while the train was still in the station produced a dissentient grunt from opposite. I hastily shut it again; but sleep was out of the question, and I lay in my corner with a splitting headache. When we had gone about two hours of the journey I could stand it no longer. My acquaintance with the Spanish lan-



guage was very slight, but I knew something of Italian; and, trusting to the resemblance between the two, I murmured a request to the gentleman opposite that I might be allowed to open the window a trifle "*per lasciar scappare il fumo.*" Alas! my words conveyed a different meaning to the *hidalgo*, who without more ado drew from his inner pocket an immense seal-skin cigar-case, and insisted on my taking an enormous weed. There was nothing for it but to thank him and light up, though by the time I had smoked a couple of inches of it I was beginning to feel sick; but we fortunately stopped at a station, where I managed to lose it. This reminiscence merely illustrates the danger of a little knowledge. Had I not even known enough Italian to proffer that misunderstood request, but merely lowered the window surreptitiously, all would have been well. After the politeness of my *vis-à-vis*, I obviously could not do that to which he had previously taken exception. Yet a total ignorance of foreign languages is even worse, and I have seen it responsible for more unpleasantness, particularly with officials, than any other cause.

Two minor offences, from which our countrymen who tour abroad might perhaps be dissuaded, are in the matter of dress and tipping. It may be that the outrageous holiday garb affected by the extreme type—the chessboard knickerbockers of the men, and the "useful" skirts and boots of the ladies—promote only the hilarity that Caran d'Ache managed to convey in his drawings, and cannot give offence. But there is another side to this eccentricity, and it is to be regretted that a few Englishmen should permit themselves to bring ridicule on the race, that they are unable to realize that by dressing like buffoons at a country fair they are lowering the national prestige in the eyes of ignorant folk abroad. This is

particularly true of the East, where there is dignity in the robes of even the meanest native. To appreciate the difference between the sartorial ideals of East and West one need only watch the landing of British or German tourists on the quays of Constantinople.

The chief offender in the matter of extravagant tipping is, as a matter of fact, the American; though the Englishman is not exempt from blame. It may be that the travellers of other nations err in the other direction, and give too sparingly of their bounty; yet, if such be their pleasure, they have a right to be thrifty, and it must be galling to have prodigal foreigners "spoiling the market" by spending their money broadcast and inspiring in the venal natives a contempt for lesser generosity. Americans fling their dollars to dragomen as they would fling maize to hogs, but the manner of the giver is readily overlooked in the munificence of the gift; and the poorer traveller, offering the more modest gratuity that he is able to afford, is indifferently looked after. Seeing that tips are neither more nor less than a secret commission for services rendered or implied, it is a pity that they cannot be made, if not illegal, at any rate the subject of regulations.

Needless to say, however, by far the most important matter in which most English tourists need very serious instruction is the proper reverence for the holy places of other sects and creeds, in which, though religious in their own country, they are so sadly lacking abroad. Their fine contempt for the "tinsel" of papist fanes or the mosaic of Moslem mosques may be proof of simple faith, but they should keep it strictly to themselves. Their thoughts are their own, but they need not express them till they get home again. Not long ago a worshipper shot at a party of Europeans in the Mosque of Omar at Jerusalem. That beautiful

building, which I know well, stands on the site of Solomon's Temple, and encloses, among other symbols sacred throughout Islam, two adjacent pillars between which very pious Moslems endeavor to squeeze in the hope of thereby adding ten years to their life. This appears, no doubt, a childish superstition to the higher intelligence of the West (which trembles whenever a black cat runs across the road); but that is no reason for laughing at it in the mosque in the presence of worshippers at their prayers. Nor is it seemly to stand gaping in front of the confessionals in St. Peter's, as if, forsooth! the whispered admissions of veiled penitents were part of a side-show arranged for the entertainment of the personally conducted. In the Holy Land, so far as I have seen, the Germans were the most conspicuous tourists, behaving with an assurance that was perhaps encouraged by the influence of their countrymen throughout Syria and Palestine, where every seaport of consequence has its German colony, and where, in the interior, all the

*Chambers's Journal.*

best hotels (best only by comparison with the worst) are in their hands. The tourists of nations belonging to the Orthodox or Latin Churches are in a marked degree more reverent in both Christian and Moslem places of worship than those of Protestant races, and it was the reverse of edifying to contrast the respectful behavior of ignorant, long-haired peasants from the Volga with the more boisterous conduct of others from the Thames. The Mohammedans appreciate the distinction too, and it is to be regretted that the thoughtlessness of a handful of tourists should have earned for the English, with their subject population of more than sixty million followers of the Prophet, a reputation for irreverence. These things count for much in the East. How, I wonder, would the worshippers in a village church at home feel if half-a-dozen robed Moslems were to enter the building during divine service and comment in audible whispers on the congregation? And why is such conduct to be condoned on the part of English tourists in a mosque?

*F. G. Aflalo.*

## THE HORROR OF THE GALLOWES.

✓ **Mr. Arthur Benson** has created a pleasant diversion from the General Election by giving proof in "*The Times*" of his exquisite sensibility. Now and then it seems that a breeze blows through his college window from the outer world and distresses him sorely. The news that Dr. Crippen was to be hanged was more than he could bear. He confesses that he found himself "profoundly thankful when all was over"; and he asks those who have "any touch of compassion and humanity" to share his horror.

From what, then, does this horror arise? From nothing worse than a vague hallucination. Mr. Benson does

not wish to raise the question of capital punishment, and we may presume that he still thinks a murderer should suffer the last penalty for his crime. It is the method of death which so grimly appals Mr. Benson. He shudders at "the dreadful prolongation of the frightful business." (What a pity it is that the epithets of horror are thus monotonous!) The delay between sentence and death appals him. "What equanimity of penitence is attainable," he asks magniloquently, "by a man who is counting the moments which remain before an act of such grim and repulsive brutality as an execution is bound to be?" The criminal, we may be sure,

would not thank Mr. Benson for being hastened from the dock to the grave. If he were as eager as Mr. Benson imagines to finish with life, he would assuredly refrain from appeal, and thus shorten the moments of suspense. That he seldom refrains is proof sufficient that the prolongation, which so acutely tries Mr. Benson's nerves, is welcomed by the criminal,—that, in fact, it is as beneficent as it is beneficently meant. Then after the delay, the gallows. "I saw a picture once," says Mr. Benson, "of the little whitewashed room where an execution is carried out in some jail, with its beam, its trap-door, its ugly lever." Why ugly, Mr. Benson, why ugly? And if such pictures distress you, why look at them? The trappings of death are solemn, even when death be mourned and honored, and those whom solemnity affrights would be wise to choose more trivial objects of contemplation.

How would Mr. Benson mitigate the discomforts of punishment? "I cannot help thinking," he says, "that at all events a condemned man should be able to choose both the time, within a fixed limit, and the manner of his death; and that the resources of medical science should be employed to make that death as swift, as quiet, and as painless as possible." With the latter part of Mr. Benson's thought we cordially agree. The death of a criminal should be "as swift, as quiet, and as painless as possible." This object is already attained by the "ugly lever." A method of execution which takes less than a minute to carry out cannot be charged with dilatoriness, and until a speedier way be found the gallows will still appear a humane and necessary evil. As to Mr. Benson's suggestion that the criminal should choose the time and manner of his death, that goes beyond the limits of phantasy. If Mr. Benson reflected at all on human nature, he would know that the crim-

inal would choose the last minute possible. Hope lives with life, and the sanguine mind clings desperately to the promise of reprieve. If you wish to intensify what Mr. Benson luridly describes as "the hideous anticipation of the last shocking moment, the ghastly alternations of hope and despair," you could not discover an easier method.

Still more ingeniously cruel is the suggestion that the criminal should be left to choose his own door out of life. The State has no right to put the miscreant, already shattered by trial and cross-examination, to this embarrassing choice. From the moment of sentence the responsibility is the State's, and the State may not shirk it. Mr. Benson, we suppose, thinks that it would add to the dignity of the condemned criminal to play the part of *Fair Rosamond*,—to be confronted with dagger and poisoned cup, and bidden to choose. It would not add to the dignity of justice, which, after all, is of far greater importance than the sensibility of those who prefer not to face life and death. The very words that Mr. Benson uses show his preoccupation. "If a prisoner in the solitude of his cell," thus he writes, "might be allowed to swallow a potion or be done to death by an anæsthetic, death would have at least some touch of privacy and decorum about it." About the word "potion" clings the faded aroma of the *novelette*. And is not "done to death" a meek euphemism which suggests Mr. Benson's reluctance to deal faithfully with the harsh methods of crime and punishment?

But in introducing Socrates into this somewhat squalid discussion, Mr. Benson has surely surrendered all sense of proportion. "The well-known scene of the death of Socrates," he writes, "has little that is shocking about it." That is true enough, but the absence of what is "shocking" does not depend upon

the poisoned cup, but upon the inherent nobility of the victim. Socrates would have shocked us as little at the gallows' foot, as he shocked us conversing simply with his friends. It is not the manner of death, it is the spirit of the dying man, which makes an execution "dreadful" or sublime. Socrates was no mean taker of another's life. He died in the full consciousness of wisdom and honor. "Blame he could bear, but not blameworthiness." We do not think that Dr. Crippen discoursing on the immortality of the soul would have been an edifying spectacle, even though he had drunk the hemlock.

Look back on those who have suffered a cruel and ignominious death, and ask yourself if the manner of dying has impaired the dignity of the brave and just. Montrose walked to the foot of the gallows, "his hair curled with his usual care, and in his best apparel," as though going to a festival. And when with unshaken composure he had mounted the lofty ladder, it was the hangman who wept. Montrose died with a smile. Again, the guillotine is not the pleasantest means of exit from this world. We can imagine in what terms Mr. Benson would characterize it. His sensitive soul loves to linger a minute longer than is necessary upon the "pinioning" and "blind-folding." "the clang of the trap, the dreadful jerk, and the movements of the helpless limbs." Were he to discuss the guillotine, he would harrow us with a description of the bright knife, the fatal basket, and the headless trunk. Yet with what dignity and courage did the nobles of France, women as well as men, step from the tumbril to the scaffold! "They nothing common did or mean upon that memorable scene." It was only when the miscreant Robespierre, forced to follow in their path, was lifted writhing from the cart, that the guillotine appeared a thing of shame and horror.

It will be seen that the sympathy of Mr. Benson is wholly reserved for the criminal. Like all the sentimentalists who shrink from the thought of just and righteous punishment, he dismisses the sufferings of the murdered with a curious indifference. "Of course one compassionates the victims," he says, which, in truth, is very thoughtful of one. "But,"—instantly comes the "but,"—"horrible and dastardly as such crimes are, they are not usually attended by any degree of suffering for the unhappy victim. It is to the interest of the murderer to make his deed as swift and painless as possible." Was ever a stranger confusion of ideas? The death of the malefactor is food for tears. The death of an innocent victim is cynically held a thing of no account, because it is to the criminal's "interest" not to be cruel. Carelessness of suffering can be carried no further. If humanity be to the interest of the murderer, it is seldom within the compass of his strength or cunning. Mr. Benson is happily ignorant of the Newgate Calendar, or he would know that the history of murder is the history of savagery and torture. Murderers, being the playthings of greed, lust, and passion, are rarely masters of their craft. Their one impulse is to kill; they care not how much they bungle by the way. Palmer, the well-known poisoner, spent a weary week in severing the soul of his hapless victim from its body. When Thurtell made up his mind to kill his friend and accomplice, William Weare, he did the deed so clumsily, that first he wounded him with a pistol-shot, then he attempted to strangle him, and finally cut his throat with a penknife. Was this death unattended "by any great degree of suffering for the unhappy victim"? Still worse was the inhumanity of the monstrous Dr. Pritchard. This gentleman began the slow, deliberate work of murdering his wife upon Feb-

ruary 10, 1865, and did not finish the job until March 18. Such are some of the miscreants whose feelings Mr. Benson would have spared most scrupulously, and whose last days on earth he would have comforted with an ingenious delicacy seldom lavished upon the just man.

Moreover, not merely are Mr. Benson's letters a clear palliation of crime; he is asking pity for those who feel little pity for themselves. The criminal temperament, which in Mr. Benson's despite assuredly exists, recognizes plainly the consequences of detection. The conduct of the murderer is uniform and expected. He fights for his life, so long as there is a chance of winning, with a skill which to some seems a proof of callousness, to others a proof of innocence; asserts his blamelessness unto the end, and then dies like a man. He dies without distress, because the skill of the State harmonizes with its "interest" to make its deed "as swift and painless as possible." He dies in absolute seclusion, for Mr. Benson's charge of "publicity" has no foundation in fact. And it would be difficult to explain Mr. Benson's unwholesome sentimentality, which, if it does credit to his heart, does none to his head, if we did not remember the baleful effects of advertisement and notoriety. Men die every hour without evoking an outburst of sympathy. Dr. Crippen is chased across the Atlantic, is brought back to England with pomp and circumstance, is defended in accordance with the best

traditions of the Old Bailey, and appears to indiscreet readers of the newspapers a suffering hero.

However, the law of England is not likely to be changed that a salve may be administered to Mr. Benson's wounded heart. Society will still protect itself by punishing swiftly, privately, and painlessly those who outrage the laws upon which its existence depends. The State will still assert its right of vengeance as a thing in accord not merely with its immemorial institutions, but with Christian ethics. And the prevailing sentimentality would not be worth a thought if it did not suggest that a deplorable fear of death is creeping over the country. Time was when England might boast her freedom from this fear. The contempt of death has long been a commonplace of our poets. Statesmen have matched the poets' courage. "The nature of Englishmen," said that sturdy Elizabethan, Sir Thomas Smith, "is to neglect death, and to abide no torment." And again: "In no place shall you see malefactors go more constantly, more assuredly, and with less lamentation to their death than in England." And to-day a peculiarly brutal and skillful murder is committed, and we must read in the journals piteous walls of remonstrance because he who committed it is asked to pay the proper penalty of his crime. If we are to go through the world thus fearing death for ourselves and others, there is an end not only of our ascendancy but of our national existence.

## AMERICA IN THE PHILIPPINES.

VI.—THE PROBLEM REVIEWED.  
(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

One will often hear it said in the East that the United States is making a failure in the Philippines. It would be more just to say that she has not succeeded, out of hand, in accomplishing the impossible. The American people, in its innocence, went light-heartedly to work to achieve all at once a task which could only be the labor of long years; and experience has taught them truths to which at the outset they would not listen from the lips of others. It was at the time of the acquisition of the Philippine Islands that Mr. Rudyard Kipling wrote his poem "The White Man's Burden," and the storm of indignation which the lines aroused in the United States will be remembered. To-day the American official in the Philippines finds in "The White Man's Burden" a text for almost every emergency and one hears it quoted daily throughout the Islands. Even more significant, perhaps, is the present mental attitude of the American in Manila towards Great Britain's work in India and, especially, in Egypt. It may be questioned if even in Egypt itself so large a proportion of the English-speaking population has read Lord Cromer's "Modern Egypt" as has read it in the Philippines. The book will be seen on the shelves, both in the offices and homes, of leading officials, and the chances are, if one takes a volume down to look at it, it will be found to have passages marked and annotated. At the end of July the speeches of Mr. Balfour and Sir Edward Grey in the Egyptian debate in the House of Commons were reported almost in full in the Manila papers and formed, for the next day or two, one of the chief topics of conversation at the clubs. The tenor of the debate, and especially those sentences wherein

Sir Edward Grey declared that a continuance of agitation against British occupation could only result in the stronger assertion of our authority, were generally quoted as immediately applicable to the present situation of America in the Philippines. When it is remembered with what contemptuousness of all precedent, particularly of all British precedent, the United States embarked on her civilization of the Philippines, and with what confidence that her Colonial policy was to mark a new era in the treatment of subject peoples, one recognizes how profoundly experience has modified the national point of view. It is at least an arguable matter among Americans in Manila (and one not infrequently argued) whether England has not, under more difficult conditions, been more successful in Egypt than the United States has so far been in the Philippines. Yet no one will be slower than the Englishman who has seen something of British Colonies elsewhere to consent to the statement that the United States is making a failure here.

At the time of American occupation the population of the Philippines was about eight millions, the people being, with two minor exceptions (in the presumably aboriginal Negritos of some of the mountain districts and certain reputed Indonesians in the interior of the island of Mindanao), of a common Malay origin. With the lapse of time, however, they had become divided into some 80 different tribes, each curiously tenacious to its own locality, speaking over 30 dialects. Among some of the wilder tribes cannibalism and head-hunting were still prevalent; nor is it certain that either is entirely extinct to-day. Though seven-eighths of the entire population were professedly Roman Catholic Christians, the actual



contact between the Spaniards of the governing class and the mass of the people had been slight; and we have seen, in a former article, how little had been done either to teach the natives Spanish, in which the various tribes would have found a common medium of communication, or to treat them as other than a subject and inferior race. Only the lack of acquaintance of the American people with the East and with Oriental peoples made it thinkable that such a population could be suddenly awakened to an appreciation of the spirit of Western political institutions and become fit for self-government on Western lines. Americans in the Philippines now possess a better understanding of the problem with which they have to deal, and they regret a good many things which were done in the early days. Meanwhile there are two sources from which criticism of the present conditions chiefly emanates. The commercial community, and especially that portion of it which was there before the Americans came, sees chiefly that the standard of wages, whether for domestic servants or clerical assistants, has been raised to three, four, and even ten times its height in Spanish days, and the general cost of living and of doing business—to say nothing of keener commercial competition—has increased. Others, again, whether residents or visitors, are depressed by the futility of the new generation of Filipinos as represented by the high-collared youths of the cities who have been already mentioned. But much more has been accomplished than the mere raising of the cost of living and the conversion into incompetent clerks of a few thousand youths who might have grown into useful laborers.

It is not easy to measure the significance of those 5,000 Filipino girls who are now acting as school teachers or of the smaller number who are certi-

cated hospital nurses. They must represent many others besides themselves. The sanitary work which has been done, with its evidence in the diminishing death-rate; the material benefits in road-making, and the erection throughout the provinces of well-built healthy public buildings; the addition to the available agricultural area of the tracts formerly segregated in the friars' estates; the suppression of ladronism, or brigandage, and the general establishment of order throughout the islands; the direct training in systematic work which is being given to the 4,000 native *employees* in the various Government Departments; above all, the fact that there is being forced upon the natives of all classes some sort of a conception, however slowly grasped, of a government which is something more than a mere system devised for the enrichment of individual officials—all these things are, in their degree, permanent contributions to the welfare of the islands and the people. All is as yet inchoate; nothing is more than half done. But in each line of work it is possible to mark visible progress year by year and month by month. As has previously been noted, the tendency now is to give much larger attention than heretofore to manual and technical training in the schools. It is not exhilarating to listen to a class of Filipino boys and girls in a provincial high school translating Caesar into English which is pronounced worse than the Latin itself, or struggling with algebra or systematic botany; but it is difficult not to be impressed by what one sees in any school wood-working or iron-working department.

Ultimately, as we have seen, the problem of the Philippines is an agricultural and industrial one, and it is manual training and agricultural instruction which the individual Filipino needs.

The United States has as yet had no need of a Colonial Service. The men who are appointed to office in the Philippines may be taken from any walk of life, and are unlikely to have had previous colonial experience. The appointments are subject to the same insecurity of tenure as most political appointments in America, and there are no pensions. Few men, then, go to the islands expecting to find a career in the colony, the majority accepting office there only as, *faute de mieux*, a temporary employment which may serve as a stepping-stone to some more desirable engagement at home. Under such circumstances it is hardly to be expected that the best men would be available for the service. It is your Correspondent's opinion that at present the Administration in the Philippines is better, more hard-working, and inspired with a finer enthusiasm than any section corresponding to it in numbers and importance of the national Government at Washington or than any State Government. This is largely owing to the fact that while, on the one hand, politics in the Philippines does not suffer (as it does, for instance, in Hawaii) by being a mere appendage to the party politics of the mainland, on the other hand there are always present work enough of an engrossing character and larger questions of local importance to occupy both the energies and the imagination.

If the United States is in earnest (as no one can doubt that she is) in her desire to fulfil all her professions in regard to the Philippines, she must, it would seem, apply some less make-shift methods to their administration than she employs at present. It is accepted as impossible that any date should yet be fixed at which she intends to evacuate the islands. There does not seem, however, to be any valid reason why she should not commit herself to the converse statement and fix a date

before which she certainly will not evacuate them. Mr. Taft has, indeed, gone so far as to hint that it may be "more than one generation" yet before the people is fit for self-government. If that hint were to be crystallized by Congress into a declaration that there must be no talk of independence for 20, 25, or 30 years (with a clear understanding that no promise was implied to evacuate at that date) it would put an end to nearly all the conditions which at present hamper progress in the islands. It would, whatever immediate outbreak of indignation might be provoked, allay the present agitation for independence. It would give to capital the assurance that it could invest in the Philippines with the certainty of a reasonable term of stable government ahead. Above all it would make officials feel that it might be worth their while to look forward to a permanent career in the Philippine service.

In conclusion: One may hear much of what is called the "reflex value" of the Philippines to the United States, by which is meant the benefit to the nation of being engaged in such a work as is being done there. That benefit is, perhaps, greater than any American is likely rightly to appreciate. The American in the Philippines often speaks laughingly of the ignorance of his countrymen as a whole in regard to the affairs of the world before the date of the Spanish war; but perhaps only a foreigner who knew the United States well at that time is in a position to realize how general that ignorance was and how far the American who has had experience in the Philippines has travelled from the old point of view. There are still, as has been said, ignorance and indifference enough in America; and it would be a blessed thing for the world if there could be established some circulating system by which the entire American people could be

pumped in sections out to the Philippines, held there for a while till they understood something of what Colonial work and an Empire mean, and then pumped home again. To the British visitor it seems that not the least of the reflex benefits which service in the islands works is (as has been hinted above) that the more the American lives in the Philippines and comes to understand the Orient the better he

The *Times*.

comprehends, and the more he is drawn to sympathize with, the work which Great Britain has done, and is doing, in the world. A proposal for Anglo-American co-operation all over the world, if not for an active alliance in the cause of peace, would probably be adopted by the American community in the Philippines by proportionally almost as large a majority as it would receive in the British Isles themselves.

## SHAKESPEARE AND THE SEA.

This winter has been a season of gales. The last gale continued a whole week, and culminated with a weight and fury of wind which for three hours approached in several places as nearly to a hurricane as anything we are accustomed to in our islands. Any one who stood on the coast that night and felt the rapid succession of squalls rush in from the sea, almost whirling one's body up from the ground, shaking houses and bellowing with a demoniacal fury through trees and chimneys, may have felt the want of words to express the power and terror of the sea-wind. Shakespeare as usual, when we are in want of words, is ready to the rescue. When Lear was at a loss to find a comparison for the cruelty of his daughter, the storm on the heath alone suggested one:—

Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks!  
rage! blow!  
You cataracts and hurricanoes, spout  
Till you have drench'd our steeples,  
drown'd the cocks!  
You sulphurous and thought-executing  
fires  
Vaunt-couriers to oak-cleaving thun-  
derbolts,  
Singe my white head! And thou, all-  
shaking thunder,  
Smite flat the thick rotundity o' the  
world!

Crack nature's moulds, all germens  
spill at once.  
That make ingrateful man!

Rumble thy bellyful! Spit, fire! Spout,  
rain!  
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my  
daughters.

That is a terrific picture; but other passages make one think that Shakespeare may have seen and felt the wind actually on shipboard in order to have his terrible respect for the sea in anger. When Miranda has watched the desperate scene of shipwreck with which the *Tempest* opens, she cries to Prospero:—

The sky, it seems, would pour down  
stinking pitch,  
But that the sea, mounting to the wel-  
kin's cheek,  
Dashes the fire out.

One finds almost the same figure again of the immensity of waves leaping up to heaven in *Pericles* when the Queen's dead body is being conveyed by sea:—

*First Sailor:* Slack the bolins there!  
Thou wilt not, wilt thou? Blow, and  
split thyself.

*Second Sailor:* But sea-room, an the  
brine and cloudy billow kiss the moon,  
I care not.

*First Sailor:* Sir, your queen must  
overboard; the sea works high, the

wind is loud, and will not lie till the ship be cleared of the dead.

*Pericles*: That's your superstition.

*First Sailor*: Pardon us, sir; with us at sea it hath been still observed; and we are strong in earnest. Therefore briefly yield her; for she must overboard straight.

Shakespeare has indeed more than knowledge of the wind at sea; he had a close understanding of sailors and sympathy with them. It is bad weather before the sailor begins to speak of needing sea-room, but when he does begin to need it it is all-important. Shakespeare understood that, and also recognized the depth and genuineness of sailors' beliefs. The dead body jeopardized the ship, they thought. Notice the admirable gravity and dignity of the sailor's retort to the charge that this was superstition. "With us at sea it hath been still observed." The answer is perfect. Shakespeare also knew the sound of the wind in a ship's rigging. He describes the buzzing, droning noise of the excited multitude at the sight of Henry VIII.'s new Queen, Anne Boleyn:—

Such a noise arose  
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff  
tempest,  
As loud, and to as many tunes.

Shakespeare's understanding of the affairs of the sea is so striking that at least one sailor has come to the conclusion that Shakespeare was, among other things, a sailor. Now this is going too far. We mistrust all judgments which depend on the assumption that because a man writes accurately on a technical subject he has necessarily made a profession of that subject. According to this critical method, we know not how many professions some of our distinguished novelists could not be proved to have practised. Mr. Kipling alone must have been a shikari, a private soldier, a mahout,

an engine-driver, a holy man, a cod-fisher, and we know not what else. In a little book which lies before us, "Shakespeare's Sea Terms Explained" (J. W. Arrowsmith, 2s. net), the author, Mr. W. B. Whall, explains that sea phraseology is not a thing you can play with; the landlubber exposes himself unwittingly. An amateur may make a sufficient show of accuracy in the technical terms of almost any calling but that of the sea; when he tries "sailor-talk," however, he is bound to fall into traps, perhaps not in a big effort, like the famous opening scene of *The Tempest*, but in the small and incidental uses of sailors' language. Mr. Whall, himself a sailor, says that Shakespeare is *never* guilty of a mistake. It is not often, be it noted, that a sailor makes such a handsome acknowledgment as this; few men, except perhaps farmers, are so intolerant of any attempt by an amateur to appear versed in their peculiar lore. Mr. Whall points out that Shakespeare makes mistakes with impartial recklessness in all other technical matters,—did not Lord Martin, the Judge, entertain a profound contempt for Shakespeare because of the curiously bad law in *Measure for Measure*? Mr. Whall also makes the discovery—but, thank goodness, does not indecently press the coincidence—that Bacon, who often wrote of nautical affairs, never used sea terms wrongly. We have three remarks to offer on all this. First, it is scarcely worth while to vindicate Shakespeare's accuracy in any particular technical matter, for he was plainly indifferent to accuracy. His genius openly courted the *de minimis* principle. Secondly, we doubt whether Mr. Whall, having made up his mind that accuracy is an important matter in a genius like Shakespeare, has not defended Shakespeare in some quite doubtful cases. Thirdly, is it not natural that a writer should take particu-

lar care to use "sailor-talk" accurately just because it is notoriously difficult? A writer might think that he knew well enough the common phrases of the soldier, the lawyer, the politician, and so forth, to employ them freely and confidently without consulting experts; but he would feel nervous directly he approached the outlandish terms of the sailor. These do not fall within ordinary experience. Therefore he would ask a friend to supervise his adoption of such words. It may be said that this would not account for accuracy in the employment of stray phrases, but it is to be remembered that in Shakespeare's day London was much more consciously a sea-port, than it is now. Sailors' phrases were as much part of the current language as they are to-day in quite small ports. Moreover, Shakespeare did use sea words in the loose senses which are always covered by metaphor.

Mr. Whall has done the public the service of explaining some words which many commentators leave alone. But, as we have said, we suspect him of an excess of zeal. For example, he writes:—

*Maria:* Will you hoist sail, sir? here lies your way.

*Viola:* No, good *scabber*; I am to *hull* here a little longer.

*Twelfth Night*, Act I., Scene 5.

Here Maria uses, perhaps, an admissible term of speech which anyone would understand without professional knowledge. But Viola's reply is in a different category; it is in such extremely professional language that it must have been a puzzle to many. And yet it is apposite. Maria is a house servant. Now the "*scabber*" in an Elizabethan ship was a sea (male) housemaid. He and his assistants kept the ship clean—cleaned up such conveniences as there were, and burnt pitch and such things as disinfectants. To "*hull*" in old sea language meant, in brief, to so manœuvre as to keep the ship stationary; so that Viola's reply reduced to shore talk is, "No, good

housemaid, I am to stay here a little longer." The word "*hull*" is, in detail, a reply to Maria's "Will you hoist sail?" For when a ship lay "at hull" her chief sails were lowered, the upper sails being furled. "*Hull*" is also used in the sense of the modern "heave-to," which has a similar meaning; the helm was put "down," and the ship's head brought near the wind, when the high stern of the Elizabethan ship would keep her there without the assistance of after sail.

When an Elizabethan ship was "hove-to" or "hulled," important sails were, after all, still set, and we fancy that if a landlubber had shown this passage as his own production to Mr. Whall, the latter might easily have found fault with the phrase "hoist sail" as being likely to mislead. Possibly, also, he would even have required his inquirer to "make" sail.

In *Romeo and Juliet* we read of the ladder with which Romeo is to scale the balcony:—

Within this hour my man shall be with thee

And bring thee cords made like a  
*tackled stair*,

Which to the high *top-gallant* of my joy  
must be my *convoy*.

A "tackled stair" (Jacob's ladder) is still used in sailing ships for reaching the top-masts. In a note Mr. Whall says: "In those days the upper sail was termed 'the top-gallant.' It is now termed 'the top-gallant-sail.'" But was not the word "sail" always understood and often used even in Shakespeare's day? To-day it has become more necessary than before to add the word "sail," because "top-gallant" may be used as an adjective without any reference to sails whatever; for example, steamships often have what is known as a "top-gallant fore-castle,"—that is, a fore-castle built above decks.

One more example of excess of zeal. In *The Tempest* Ariel says:—

I boarded the King's ship; now on the  
beak,  
Now in the waist, the deck, in every  
cabin  
I flam'd amazement. Sometimes I'd di-  
vide,  
And burn in many places; on the top-  
mast,  
The yards and bowsprit would I flame  
distinctly.

This is an incomparable passage and an incomparable use of nautical metaphor. But why say more? Mr. Whall remarks:

As to Ariel, it is impossible for a seaman of experience to read this passage without being irresistibly reminded of the "corposant," called in the Mediterranean St. Elmo's light, a manifestation of electricity which is often seen in severe storms. Pigafetta, Magellan's companion and historian, says of a storm they encountered that the three holy bodies of St. Nicholas, St. Anselmo and St. Catherine appeared and greatly comforted the crew. St. Anselmo became abbreviated to St. Elmo, and the *Corpo Santi* became "Corposant," a

The Spectator.

term still in use. Dampier, the celebrated navigator, writes, describing this meteor: "A corpus sant is a certain small glittering light. When it appears, as this did" (he had previously noted its appearance), "on the very top of the main-mast or at a yard-arm it is like a star; but when it appears on the deck it resembles a great glow-worm. The Spaniards have another name for it (though I take this to be a Spanish or Portuguese name, and a corruption only of Corpus Sanctum), and I have been told that when they see them they presently go to prayers and bless themselves for the happy sight." This is so exactly how Ariel acted that it is almost a foregone conclusion that the writer must have seen such manifestations.

This is just where the insistence on pedantic accuracy spoils everything. If Mr. Whall is logical, he must believe that St. Elmo's fire "boards" a vessel—a fighting term—and that it also visits the cabins. But these things are absurd.

### "SEEMS SO."

While the Perring family was at dinner, one of the elder children looked out of the door and ran back, saying: "Here's Mrs. Balkwill coming, an' thic grow'd-up maid of hers. Got gert 'lection ribbons up, they have, an' they'm coming in here, looks so."

It could not have been a worse time. Owing to the wet weather, Mrs. Perring, who has nowhere to dry any clothes, was two days late with her washing. The kitchen, where the baby, with another baby, had had to play all the morning, was up to neck. The baby herself had been twice slapped for playing with the ashes, and slapping, as one knows, does not make babies look any cleaner. Over

the table newspapers were spread, so that one more dirty tablecloth could be washed. In the interests of cleanliness, the kitchen was thoroughly untidy.

With hardly a "May I come in?" Mrs. Balkwill, followed by the daughter, swept down the narrow passage as if she had a right there. She was dressed in a style that Mrs. Perring can only envy from afar off.

"Good morning. I've got very little time," she began. "You're going to vote for our man, Mr. Perring. Perring, isn't it, your name? Oh, what a dear little baby!"

She attempted to pet the child—at arm's length, so to speak.



"Git 'ome an' die, you dirty nung!" rapped out the child, with a very plain resentment.

While her mother was saying, "Come here an' see what Mam's got for 'ee," and everybody else was pretending not to have heard, Dave got up and handed his chair to Mrs. Balkwill. "Please to take a seat," he said. "I be sorry you should have come when 'tis like 'tis. But 'tis all right, you know—only a bit up-an'-down for the time, like."

"Oh, never mind," answered Mrs. Balkwill, with an enthusiasm for standing up. While she tried to hold her skirts tight around her with one hand, and to open a canvasser's book with the other, she rattled on: "I can put you down as a safe vote for our side, can't I? I'm sure we shall win this time. So many people are changing over . . ."

"Whose side might you be on, please?" asked Dave, to gain time.

"Why, the right side, of course. *Our* side. We are working hard for Curtis, aren't we, Nina?"

"But who, if so be I might ask, who told you I was going to vote for Mr. Curtis?"

"Oh, but of course you are. He's such a nice man; a thorough gentleman, and a splendid candidate. See what a lot of good he's done in the constituency. He's spent—oh, I can't tell you how much he's spent—spent money like water, and all for the working classes. If he doesn't get in this time, he'll leave the district, and go somewhere else—he said so, didn't he, Nina?—and then you'll lose all that."

"'Twon't be no loss to me. I an't see'd none of his money. I haven't never had what I didn't earn. An' as for voting for him, I don' know w'er I shall take the trouble to vote at all this time."

"Oh, but you must; you really must. It's your duty as a citizen to use your vote, and put Curtis in. You know;

you put your cross opposite Curtis—C-U-R-T-I-S. It's only a cross you need put. That isn't difficult. What time shall I tell a motor-car to come for you?"

"You needn't send no motor-car, thank you, not unless the young lady there wants to take me for a drive up-country. If I do go to vote, I can walk up. But very likely I shan't. What's the use? What have 'em ever done for me, or the likes of me? Is it any easier to live, an' keep out of debt? That's what I looks at. An' we knows 'tisn't, 'cept for them as got plenty. Yet they kicks up a buzz about an election, as if your life was depending on it; an' whichever side gets in, they don't do nort, 'cepting they makes a few more rules an' regulations, an' fines 'ee or puts 'ee in chokey for not carrying of 'em out; an' then they has another 'lection, an' 'tis all the same over again, buzzing round 'ee like flies, same as they be now. Hanged if I blame ol' Charlie Whimble for saying anybody can have his vote, which way they like, for five shillings! He'll never get five shill'orth out of it, never, so long as he lives."

"Oh, but you mustn't talk like that. It's wicked to sell your vote to the other side. That's what makes some people talk about taking away the vote from the working-classes, and giving it to educated people, who'll know how to use it. You're liable to I don't know what penalties."

"I don't say I be going to sell mine, 'cause I bain't, not if you asks me to. But I don't blame a man for selling what isn't no use to him, if he's minded. What's Charlie Whimble got out of all his voting? He's worse off 'n when he started; an' he have a-worked hard in his time, ol' Charlie."

"But *you* are better off. See what the working-classes have had done for them."

"Certainly I'm better off than I have

a-been; I'll own that; but I an't got nothing I haven't worked for; an' I got to live an' rear chil'ern in this here ol' crib. How'd you like it? Look around 'ee! An' Missis there is worked off her legs. You wouldn't come here, none o' 'ee, 'cept for persuading of me to vote which way you want. An' then you don't fancy siting down in the midst o' what us got to live in, 'cause us can't afford houses an' servants. . . ."

Dave was becoming heated to the point of cussing, and Mrs. Balkwill exercised tact. "Well," she said. "Tell me. Which way *are* you going to vote?"

"I ain't never told nobody which way I've a-voted, an' I never will, an' never shan't; so you'll have to 'scuse me telling of 'ee that. I shall vote according to me feelings—if I do."

"Your husband's a hard case," said Mrs. Balkwill, turning to Mrs. Perring with what is called a sweet smile. "But you must persuade him to vote *our* way. You will, won't you? Women have such opportunities."

"'Twouldn't be no use me trying to persuade him," replied Mrs. Perring, with a certain bitterness. "Most likely he'd go 'n do just the opposite. 'Tis best in the long run for to let men go their ways."

"Ah, well," said Mrs. Balkwill, taking the hint, and glancing at her bracelet watch, "if I don't hurry home my lunch will be getting cold. Good morning. But remember, Mr. Perring, that I shall trust you to come and vote for us. Our motto is 'Trust the People.' Come along, Nina."

With a rustle of silk petticoats, she left the house.

Dave turned over his greasy cold dinner with a knife's point. Then, quite suddenly, he sat up straight, and snapped out loudly: "Liar!"

"'Trust the People,'" he repeated. "Liar!" he burst out again.

"Liar! Liar! Liar!" echoed the baby.

Mrs. Perring, who does not mind bad language, but does not like it violent, told him to hold his row.

"Well," said Dave, "so they be liars, all the lot o' 'em. 'Trust the People,' did her say? They wouldn't trust 'ee further 'n they could see 'ee, n'est so far. Said her'd trust me, didn't her? I've heard chaps say, as have worked up to her house, that her locks up everywhere they bain't working in, an' won't let 'em hae a cup for to drink a drop o' tay out of. That's when you finds out they sort, what they got in their minds.

"I calls it bribery, nort more nor less, for a parcel o' women to run about persuading of 'ee which way to vote, an' driving of 'ee up to the poll. You can see they'm working for their own ends, an' got summut to get out o' it, or thinks they have; else they wouldn't take so much trouble. They don't take no notice o'ee other times, an' when they've a-got their man into Parliament, you won't hear no more of he nuther, till next 'lection. Got to hold his tongue, too, I s'pose, like us have a-got to.

"'Tisn't as if they tries to make it plain to 'ee, what the points is, them as thinks they knows. Thic woman, what did her say for to make it clearer? Why, nort at all any sense! Trying to persuade me all her know'd, wasn't her, as if I was a blooming kid? 'Tis a muddled affair o' it, I tell 'ee. Last 'lection was supposed to be between Tariff Reform an' Free Trade. But come to it, they was all chattering 'bout the Navy and Lord Charles Beresford. That's all thee cou'st hear on 'lection day. They tries for to miz-maze 'ee up a-purpose, so's you shall vote according to their opinion 'stead of your own. An' they thinks the likes o' us don't know we'm being fooled. But us do."

"Up you get, then," said Mrs. Perring, putting the baby down. "I an't got time for to play the fool to no one's bidding. Lord Charles won't do my washing any more than thic Mrs. Balkwill will. I wonder if her'd do it for thy vote? Come on! I wants to clear away. Politics won't help me."

But Dave, once started, was not to be shut up.

"Amuses me," he continued. "Hanged if it don't! 'You knows where to put your cross?' they says, as if you don't know nort. 'Which way be going to vote?' they asks 'ee; but they bain't going to find out which way I votes, an' if they did I'd vote t'other way. 'You leave Dave alone,' another o' 'em says. 'Dave's all right. Dave's going to chime in with the rest. What be going to drink, Dave?' I reckon I should deserve to lose me vote if I was to take heed of all their chackle.

"But as for taking the vote away from working people an' giving it to them that's educated, like thic woman said. What do they sort know about it much more 'n us do? They bain't no more agreed amongst themselves 'n us be, n'eet so much; an' we do know how us got to live. How 'bout thic clergyman t'other day, what told me Lloyd George ought to be shot? An' t' other side talks like it too. Clergymen is supposed to be educated, bain't 'em? 'Twouldn't have done for me to

The Nation.

tell 'en he was talking ignorant. You get in amongst them that calls themselves educated, bettermost people, an' listen to their chawl. Certainly they can talk 'ee down, or fancies they can. An' where do 'em get it from mostly? Why, out the newspapers! Newspapers is written by educated people, I s'pose; yet they'm always in disagreement, an' flying at each other's throats; which means either they'm liars for their own advantage, or else they'm ignorant, an' don't know what's best to be done no more than us do.

"I tell 'ee, 'twon't do. Nuther one of the sides is worth voting for, an' if you don't vote, then that don't make nothing no better. You can't do nort. 'Tis headwinds all ways. But 'twon't last for ever. People's getting to see it, an' when more of 'em sees it plainer, sees it 'lection times so well as ordinary, they won't put up wi' it. 'Twill have to alter. You see!"

"Thee wou'n't see it in thy time," said Mrs. Perring. "So git 'long!"

As he left the kitchen, he slammed the door behind him. And the bang of it sounded unusually full of meaning. For when dissatisfaction is roused at last to act, no one can tell beforehand what form, useful or useless, steady or violent, the action itself will take. Still more is it the case with crowds and classes than with individuals.

Stephen Reynolds.

## THE WAYS OF ROOKS.

An interesting account was given to a recent meeting of the British Ornithologists' Union by one of the members, Mr. Griffith, of a remarkable flight of rooks. Mr. Griffith told the meeting that on getting out of the train at Orpington Station in Kent, about twenty minutes past four on the afternoon of November 14th, he saw an

extraordinary number of rooks passing in a steady, continuous stream for sixteen and a half minutes, apparently making for Farnborough, which lies about a mile away. He described them as "winging their way in a great column of from fifteen to twenty abreast, and moving at about ten miles per hour." On the lowest estimate he

reckoned that about thirteen thousand passed over him, but how many had already passed before he stepped out at the railway station he could not say. Mr. Griffith seems to have been undecided as to whether these rooks were native birds returning from the day's foraging to their roosting-trees, or whether they were foreign birds coming to take up their residence here. Both suppositions are possible, but it is quite likely that what Mr. Griffith witnessed was the arrival of part of the large army of rooks which reaches us every autumn, generally between the third week in October and the middle of November, from Scandinavia and the North of Europe. Great flights of rooks of this kind have been recorded before from various parts of these islands; for instance, in the autumn of 1893, when large numbers were seen by home-bound Atlantic ships as far as three hundred miles from the West coast of Ireland. The rooks settled on the spars and rigging of the vessels, almost too weak to move, and they were thus brought within sight of the Irish shore, when they flew off. Flights of thousands of rooks were also reported that year from the Scilly Isles and from Lewis. In other years—1884, 1887, and 1889, for instance—many hundreds of rooks were observed by lighthouse-keepers on the south-west of Ireland, flying in from the west. Where did they come from? The nearest land to the west is America.

Other members of the crow family migrate in the same way, particularly hooded crows, which every year reach the Eastern counties from the Continent in flocks about the same time in the autumn. It will be noticed that Mr. Griffith saw his flight of rooks in an Eastern county, and that they were flying south-west. Of similar autumn migrations to other countries, one of the most remarkable is chronicled by

Howard Saunders, who mentions that late in November, 1880, great flocks of rooks made their appearance in Iceland. The probability is that these were migrating Scandinavian rooks blown out of their way by a gale of wind; but to cross from the nearest point of Norway they must have flown over six hundred miles of sea.

These great winter gatherings of rooks, whether they are native birds or migrants, are of course a common feature of the bird life of this country. The actual numbers of any one concourse are extremely difficult to calculate, but the writer made an attempt to estimate the number which he saw in a wonderful gathering in Kingston Vale early in February this year. The rooks were scattered over the fields between the Beverley Brook and the woods of Coombe Warren, and there was another large detachment in the fields between the brook and Putney Vale. In one part near Robin Hood Farm there was a space of about five acres, as near as could be judged, which was simply black with rooks. If there was one bird to the square yard, there must have been nearly twenty-five thousand rooks in that space alone, and there were other places where they were almost as thick. The curious point was that though the writer left Kingston Vale to catch a train only because it was getting too dark to see the way back across Wimbledon Common, there seemed to be no tendency on the part of the rooks to fly away to roost for the night. Some of them at least, perched in the hedgerow trees, appeared perfectly satisfied with their quarters, and it is possible that they may have stayed there. We do not know as much as we might about the roosting habits of rooks in winter. The data are insufficient upon which to build satisfactory theories. What we know is that it is only in the

nesting season that rooks roost actually in the rookery trees, and that in high summer they leave the rookeries and join in large flocks, which retire for the night to roosting-places in deep woods. They may be seen passing overhead in the early morning, flying out to their feeding-grounds, and coming back in the afternoon, always at the same time and flying in the same direction; but it by no means follows that a person watching the rooks fly out and home every day will be able to discover where they feed by day or where they roost at night. The writer has watched rooks fly over his garden for years past, but has never been able to trace them to the trees where they roost. They fly almost due east and west, but an attempt to race them home leads merely to losing them in the sunset. Waterton, one of the most persistent of all observers of the habits of rooks, gives us a delightful account of the morning and evening flight of the birds of the neighborhood over his park. The rooks which he watched belonged in winter to Nostell Priory, about two miles distant, where, he writes, "from time immemorial the rooks have retired to pass the night. I suspect," he adds, "by the observations which I have been able to make on the morning and evening transit of these birds, that there is not another roosting place for at least thirty miles to the westward of Nostell Priory." But Waterton does not mention migrant rooks, and one of the points which it would be interesting to be able to settle would be the relations of the autumn immigrants to the native birds. Do the newcomers join existing flocks, or do they keep their companies apart?

We might be able to come a little nearer to solving some of the problems of the natural history of these fine birds if we knew the numbers of the rooks which remain with us for breed-

ing. It is a matter which would really present no difficulty if the right authorities would take it up. If the County Councils, or, better still, the Board of Agriculture working through the County and Parish Councils, would take a census of rookeries in the spring, the numbers of rooks would be ascertained at once; all we should want to know would be the number of nests with broods, which would give us the breeding stock; and then, if another census were taken the next spring, we could tell whether rooks were on the increase, and if so, to what extent,—a matter of real importance for the farmer, now that the habit of eating grain and other crops appears to be more prevalent than before. We know, of course, that the number of rooks in this country has always been very large. Waterton writes of the rooks passing over his park as "congregated thousands upon thousands," and there is an illuminating case which was decided in the Law Courts in 1824, in which the plaintiff alleged that the defendant had broken up his rookery; he had fired guns near the close where the birds nested, and "with the noise of the discharging of the said guns and the smell of the said gunpowder" he had driven away the rooks "inasmuch that divers, to wit 1000, rooks, which before that time had been used and accustomed to resort, &c., flew away and abandoned the said close and trees and the nests built therein, and wholly forsook the same, and divers, to wit 1000, other rooks which were then about to resort to and settle in and upon the said close and trees, were thereby prevented from so doing." A rookery of two thousand parent birds is a fair-sized *ménage* for any estate. What are the corvine traditions and instincts that the young birds of these great rookeries inherit? They do not all of them return to build in their parent rookery the following season,

but when do they decide that a new rookery must be established? And how many rookeries are there in the country now, as compared with the days when "divers, to wit 1000, rooks" could be frightened away from their trees by the smell of gunpowder? We do not know, and it would be valuable knowledge if we did know; but our Department of Agriculture has not yet decided that the knowledge is worth acquiring, even at the slightest possible expense.

Waterton has a very interesting passage, in dealing with the flight of rooks, in which he describes what he calls the "shooting" of the rooks. "He who pays attention to the flight of birds," he writes, "has no doubt observed this downward movement. When rooks have risen to an immense height in the air, so that, in appearance, they are scarcely larger than the lark, they suddenly descend to the ground or to the tops of trees exactly under them. To effect this, they come headlong down on pinion a little raised, but not expanded in a zigzag direction (presenting alternately their back and breast to you), through the resisting air, which causes a noise similar to that of a rushing wind. This is a

*The Spectator.*

magnificent and beautiful sight to the eye of an ornithologist." Does the local name for this evolution, allied as regards the sound produced by the birds' wings to the "drumming" of the snipe, still survive in Yorkshire? Waterton says that the local farmers think that it portends wind, though he himself does not. But, oddly enough, he does not mention a curious and beautiful evolution which he must often have seen his homing rooks go through in high winds, which is, to fly home in eddying circles, now high and now low, perhaps twenty or thirty birds at a time. It is a fascinating thing to watch, especially when the companies of birds reel across the sky one after another under gray clouds tearing from the south and south-west. The rooks seem to separate into twos and threes which keep close together, and go tossing in a sort of spiral rotation, always, whenever the writer has watched them, from right to left—the opposite way of stirring a cup of tea—and apparently thoroughly enjoying the whirling and dipping, the beat up into the wind and the sudden relaxation of effort as the breeze catches and spins them round again.

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### TOLSTOY.

In art I could not rest; much more was life;  
But more than life the individual soul.  
Born between East and West, first Europe called  
With western clarion ringing through my blood;  
Then deeper Asia whispered in my ear.  
What I have written, let it perish! Though  
To me was given to spell the woman soul,  
To paint both peace and war; and still I hear  
A cry behind "What dost thou in thine age?  
Take up thy pen again! This is thy task.  
For this alone thou cam'st into the world."  
But all that men have written seemeth vain  
In the deep silence whither I am drawn;



This life a preparation and a phase.  
 The business of my soul is with its God,  
 And with its God alone; with man no more:  
 Within us is the vision and the voice.  
 Therefore will I retreat, though deep in years,  
 Into a hush where I may listen clear,  
 And where as through a mist the life to come  
 Momently flashes; while I hear the world  
 A far monotony of falling seas  
 Through open windows when the moon is set.  
 Nor have I been diverted all in vain,  
 Urged everlastingly this way and that,  
 Yet ever urged, no moment left alone,  
 Through tortuous paths of slow Divinity.  
 I am concerned but with the final peace;  
 Toward which I battle, but have found not yet,  
 So old, yet battle still: for still I seek  
 For ever changing evermore to grow.

*Stephen Phillips.*

*The Westminster Gazette.*

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Mr. Edward O. Sissons' "The Essentials of Character" is one of a flock of which the ancestry might be traced to Spencer's "Education," but it is Emerson who influences its thought and its method, and dictates its insistence on simplicity, on the careful development of character, on the importance of love and courtesy. It is a book equally useful to the child seeking after goodness, and to the parent who seeks to lead him towards it. The Macmillan Company.

"Is Mankind Advancing?" by Mrs. John Martin, is a book whence a philosopher might reconstruct the age but a mere common reader will find it somewhat bewildering. It is dedicated to "The Super Superman, With the Hope that his Coming may not be too Long Delayed" and it conducts its inquiry under four heads, "Progress Measured by Genius," "Progress Measured by More Things and More Facts," "Progress Measured by Mysticism" and "Conditions of Progress." The author begs

the question so frequently that she confuses her argument and although she has many interesting isolated things to say the book lacks cohesion. Her final prophesy is "under selective parentage and the deliberate breeding of higher types, under the laws of what I have ventured to call auto evolution, we may move towards vistas of indescribable expansion." Baker & Taylor Company.

Dr. Ernest Norton Henderson's "A Text Book in the Principles of Education" is one of those books which must be read in various ways according to various needs. A man or woman belonging to Dr. Henderson's own class may critically study it. An undergraduate or a young teacher will find many detached chapters stimulating and useful, and under the headings "The Process of Education in the Individual" and the "Educational Agencies" anybody in the smallest degree interested in the rearing of children will find nothing that he will wish to neglect. The author has set himself a formid-

able task, but has so prepared himself for it, that it will be many a year before the book is popularly outgrown. Even the educator, even the well read educator will hardly come abreast with it immediately, and less experienced writers in the same field will rejoice at the discovery of a guide. The chapters on "Play," "Language" and "The Function of the School" will be widely discussed. The Macmillan Company.

Incredible is a word to forget in contemplating the thirteenth century, and no man's simple unadorned history is a better example of the wisdom of this policy than that of Ezzelino da Romano whom Mr. Clinton Scollard has made the hero of his latest novel, giving it the tyrant's own title, "The Vicar of the Marches." His character seemed singularly rich in ugly aspects and could present a new one to every man who approached him and he was equally hated by Milanese and Mantuan, Cremonese and Brescian, by all who crowded to the Adda to be in at the death when the end comes. The hero of the story and its narrator is Tiso di Camposanpiero whose family was all but exterminated by its hereditary foe, his own escape being narrow. A fair maiden of the Deslemalni is the heroine and about them move a mingled flock of personages all striking and all fearlessly painted, for Mr. Scollard rejoices in his subject. It is perhaps strange that one whose taste in verse so decidedly inclines to daintiness should choose subjects so gruesome as make the foundation of his stories, but there is naught half-hearted in his way of using them, and "The Vicar of the Marches" will be found in the front rank in horror among tales of horror. Sherman, French & Co.

The "liberal" and "broad-minded" and "modern" do not as yet completely rule the world, and occasionally the nar-

row and hide bound, and unprogressive bring forward a fair Roland to break a lance against the multitudinous Oliver seeking fame by attacking things held in respect and reverence; but it has been left for Mr. Percy Mackaye in "Anti-Matrimony" to give the United States as good a piece of satire founded "on Ibsen, Suderman, Nietzsche and the rest," as one would venture to hope from F. Anstey or from Sir W. H. Gilbert. Would it be possible, one wonders, to give the play a chorus and a few "topical" songs and to give more turn to the rack of ridicule by making it a comic opera? As it stands, the satirical comedy of the too decent New England folk playing at living in immorality for the sake of assuring themselves, and yet more the rest of the world, that they are not tamely good, needs no measures of delightful sound to make it keenly entertaining. It is because one grudges leaving a morsel of self-respect to foolishness so vexatious to commonsense that one sighs for the comic opera. Mr. Mackaye's way is incomparably better and more effectual and should gain him hearty thanks not only for his wit but for his discretion. Frederick A. Stokes Company.

Apparently, the United States are to have a mystic drama of their own, for already a group of little plays counting up to a very respectable number figures on the list of "Publicly Performed," and as one reads any one of them, one has the double sense of beholding not only the personages of the play as one conceives them as possibly existent, but also the actors and actresses as one imagines them on the stage, each one fashioning himself in the image of the dramatist's conception and the vision is confused. One is used to beholding the blending of the two images after meeting a new Hamlet or Lear, but a fresh character is a new puzzle. Further, in

so many cases, the puzzle is hardly worth the effort of solution and one meets a new poetic play with no great confidence in approaching pleasure. One is agreeably surprised by Miss Anna Hempstead Branch's "Rose of the Wind," in which one is asked to watch the development of a soul in an elementary spirit struggling to win the love of a mortal, for one finds the contest very vividly set forth. The thought is familiar in the literature of many lands, and wears many guises on its way from a fairy tale to a play in which the spirit really rises to the height of self sacrifice possible to man, and to him alone of created beings. "Nimrod" which follows it is less fortunately planned and executed, although it has some fine lines. "Selena," the Endymion myth with but small innovation, a brief humorous ballad, and some other promising fragments complete the volume. May its successors follow swiftly. Houghton Mifflin Company.

Miss Constance Darcy Mackay's "The Silver Thread and other Folk Plays for Young People" contains no plant of native growth, but the origin of each is duly stated in a foot-note of sufficient length to guide the young reader to tales racially sympathetic with it, and full enough to tell him something of the national characteristics concerned, and everything is subordinated to the intention of making these newly rediscovered pastimes of dramatic dancing, singing, and impersonating a lasting delight for the fortunate generation to which it has come just as the common cry proclaimed that delight was dead and joy was on the way to die. There are light plays in the volume, each from a different source, Russia, Cornwall, Germany, England, France, Ireland and Italy furnishing one in turn, and the volume seems even better than the first. It is good to think of young

minds fed upon drama like this and all unlearned in the crude dialogue of "Evenings at Home," and the "pieces" in the old "Speakers." True, there was opportunity even in those primitive exercises, for as much histrionic ability as the average children have, but nothing to awaken their minds to the charm of bringing the spirit of a character before an audience, of losing oneself in the self of one never seen. This the folk plays give them and it is good to hear that the author's first volume has already been printed, and is ready for the stage with the warm approval of the world in general. Henry Holt & Co.

Julia Ward Howe the poet, they called her in her early days in Boston, and as Julia Ward Howe, poet, she makes her last appearance among her countrymen, for the little volume, "At Sunset" presented by her daughters, closes the list of her works. It is by such a book that one might well prefer to be represented than by the sweetest music, the strongest eloquence, for in the greater part of its pages its honest, earnest, single-hearted endeavor is so to set forth some aspect of truth, some beauty of character as to intensify its loveliness and to heighten its value; and it is written with enjoyment so evident and so deep that the most stolid reader must feel its emotion. The "Personal Poems" tell a strange story to one who really knows their subjects, a Catholic Archbishop; a Quaker who scorned ecclesiastics, as much as a Friend may and remain meek; a confederate general; a great English poet; a hard working philanthropist in exile; four typical reforming women foremost in demanding rights for their sex; a poet who bore his flame at the tip of the sceptre of healing science, are chief in the group. To each her soul seemed to go forth in the same spirit of rejoicing in their merit.

In the other two groups, "Occasional Poems" are some of similar character, but generally speaking it is national causes or world causes that aroused the writer's spirit and the title "Poems of Sentiment and Reflection" is self descriptive. Among them is "A New Flag," as fit for the young men and maidens as Mrs. Spofford's joyous strain for the children or Brooks's "God Bless our Native Land" for the civic or military gathering. The volume is small, but it gives a glittering apex to the pyramid of a noble life that knew no spot or stain. Mr. John Elliott's portrait reproduced in photogravure excellently recalls the kind, true face, one of the most pleasant memories of nineteenth-century Boston. Houghton Mifflin Company.

As one considers the bulk of the three large volumes of Miss Ellen Chase's "The Beginnings of the American Revolution," one marvels, remembering the exceeding smallness of so much of their substance as was matter of common knowledge before the civil war; its swift growth during the period of centenary celebrations ten years later; and its revival and still greater increase under the influence of the "Sons" and "Daughters" and "Descendants." As the years go on, each patriotic soul bringing its contribution from family annals, household traditions; letters long hidden in garrets; precious journals preserved in pure carelessness; scanty fragments of printed record treasured because some great grandmother had said that they contained "granther's name," the edifice has been slowly builded. One perceives the magnitude of the change wrought as one notes the calmness evinced by the younger generation as the new views come before it, to be met by careless acquiescence. "Why yes,"

they say, "anybody could see that those old stories were based on prejudice. Everybody meant well on the whole, and behaved well according to his lights." Miss Chase does not belong to this Laodicean group, although entirely free from the narrowness which refuses all color to an enemy's portrait and paints him in black of varying depth. She seems to have ransacked every possible receptacle of evidence as to what was happening in those years when the hearts and souls of Americans were reluctantly learning that they were no longer in perfect unity with those whom they still called brothers, and no longer filial in their feeling to her whom they still named mother. Miss Chase declares her modest purpose to be to make the outline of the events of the years between the Peace of Paris and Lexington fight plain and clear, especially in their relationship to Boston, but her theory of doing this includes the relation of everything which happened in the other cities and colonies or in the mother country if it were known here. Her picture of the English court and Parliament; her wisely chosen extracts from the letters of English Members of Parliament and English great ladies present a view as vivid as can be found. Even from the prisoners, Miss Chase exacts color for her picture. The truly extraordinary trait of the book is its impartiality, giving the reader no evidence as to the author's own predilections by any expression of dislike, and never exulting unduly in American success. If she can be persuaded to continue her story throughout the war, not only Boston and Massachusetts but the whole country will be fortunate, and she will enlarge a work already the most important effected by any of her countrywomen who have treated Revolutionary matters. Baker Taylor Company.







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